

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 4, 1963

25 CENTS

RUSSIA'S
RECORDMAN
INVADES
THE U.S.

OH JUMPER VALERI BRUMEL





Photographed in Elgin, Scotland, by "21" Brands. Front row (l to r): Sandy Allan, Head Malman, Willie Watson, Cooper; Willie Tynan, Malman; Bob Gannoe, Malman; Jimmy Soss, Ten Room Man; Priea Giddie, Still Man; Roblar Stewart, Still Man; Jack Grant, Malman. Rear (l to r): Willie Craig, Manager; Bob Miller, Head Brewer; Jack Sinclair, Asst. Brewer; George Giddie, Head Warehouse Man; Charlie Sinclair, Asst. Warehouse Man; James Anderson, Boiler Man.

14 Scotsmen and what they do to make Ballantine's Scotch

The 14 Scotsmen you see above make a rare Highland Whisky at a Ballantine's distillery at Elgin, Scotland, hard by the North Sea. This whisky is just one of the 42 high-grade Scotch Whiskies that are harmonized to make Ballantine's sunny-light flavor. These men possess distilling skills which have been handed down from their forefathers. Each performs his task with the same patience, pride and attention to detail that have marked the making of



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Next week

JUNIOR SKI CHAMPIONS are already beginning to spend from the three-year-old ski racing program started by ex-Olympian Jack Nagel, and the best of them is daughter Cathy

A MALAYAN MOVIE STAR, a Scottish county group and a boy watching through a Swedish rose are all part of a colorful portfolio that shows the varied world of golf aficionados.

A ONE-HORSE TOWN is what Middleburg, Va. looks like. Actually it is the place where a whole way of life revolves around the horse. Huston Horn describes its hippophiles.

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BIRD DOG FIELD TRIALS

Events through April 6

FEBRUARY 2

California Quail Championship, Berkeley, Calif.

Edmond Field Trial Club, Edmond, Okla.
Region 7 Amateur Championship, Decatur, Texas.

FEBRUARY 4

National Amateur Shooting Dog Championship (IAFCA), Holly Springs, Miss.

FEBRUARY 7

South Mississippi Field Trial Association, Poplarville, Miss.

FEBRUARY 8

Four States Wildlife Association, Lake Tawakoni, Texas.
Region 6 Amateur Shooting Dog Championship, Canton, Miss.

FEBRUARY 11

United States Field Trial Association, Corro, Miss.

FEBRUARY 15

Volunteer State Amateur Field Trial Club, Fort Campbell, Ky.

FEBRUARY 16

Bird Dog and Quail Club, Nixon, Texas.

FEBRUARY 19

California Bird Dog Championship, Berkeley, Calif.
Region 3 Southern Quail Championship, Cordele, Ga.

FEBRUARY 19

National Field Trial Champion Association, Grand Junction, Tenn.

FEBRUARY 20

North Carolina Shooting Dog Classic, Holliston, N.C.

FEBRUARY 22

National Shooting Dog Championship, Sedgewick Plantation, Union Springs, Ala.

FEBRUARY 22

Whitely County Field Trial Association, Camp Breckinridge, Ky.

MARCH 1

Louisa Pioneer and Setter Club, Alexandria, La.

MARCH 4

National Amateur Quail Championship (IAFCA), Devon Plantation, Quantico, Ga.

MARCH 6

Crab Orchard Field Trial Club, Crab Orchard Wildlife Refuge, Carbondale, Ill.
Louisa Field Trial Association, Wabon, La.

MARCH 10

All America Field Trial Club, Crab Orchard Wildlife Refuge, Carbondale, Ill.
Northern Illinois Pointer and Setter Club, Ohio, Ill.
Region 4 Amateur Championship, Grahamville, Ky.

MARCH 20

Tri-County Bird Dog Club, Harpers, Ohio.

MARCH 26

Region 5 Amateur Championship, Crab Orchard Wildlife Refuge, Carbondale, Ill.

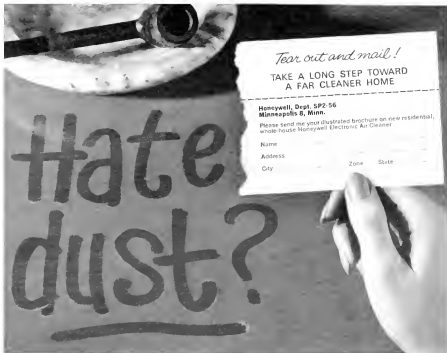
APRIL 1

Southern Field Trial Circuit Winners' Stake, Fort Campbell, Ky.

APRIL 6

Ohio Valley Field Trial Circuit Winners' Stake, Paducah, Ky.

MS2



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SCORECARD

STRIKING CHANGE

Normally up to its ears in complacency, organized baseball last week took notice of games dragged out to unconscionable length and actually did something about them. It altered the strike zone. Since the rule was last changed in 1950, batters have stood head and shoulders above the strike area. Now this zone takes in the shoulders and goes to the knees. A larger target should enable pitchers to retire batters a little more easily and this, in turn, should speed up the game. There will be confusion on interpretation of the law and there will be test cases involving players trying such gimmicks as deep crouches and stooping.

Still, baseball has heeded the cry of the fan to cut the length of the games. We extend our compliments to baseball's beleaguered big leaguers.

FATAL BEAUTY

Doreen Porter is not only New Zealand's champion woman sprinter, she is also its prettiest athlete, pretty enough to work as a model. That is why, apparently, she will not compete in the Los Angeles Times Indoor Games February 9.

Originally Peter Snell and a manager were invited to make the trip. Then someone had the wit to recognize that Doreen is prettier than any manager and runs better, too. So the manager's invitation was canceled and Doreen was invited, there being funds for the expenses of only two New Zealanders.

That is when the New Zealand AAA turned prissy. Doreen could not go without a chaperone, the AAA ruled.

FAREWELL TO THE BANDITS?

Wade Walker, Mississippi State athletic director and chairman of the Southeastern Conference officials committee, announced the other day: "The new NCAA football substitution rule has killed the three-team system." The Chinese Bandits, as glamorized by Paul Dietzel at LSU and Army, are dead, he said, and so are Florida's Go-Gators.

Walker's pronouncement came after a meeting in Atlanta of Southeastern

Conference football coaches, all of whom agreed with his judgment. The new rule allows only two wild-card substitutions on downs on which the ball changes hands and on the fourth down, and it requires a time-out for substitutions on second and third downs.

Florida Coach Ray Graves, who used the three-team system to upset Penn State in the Gator Bowl last season, announced reluctant abandonment of it.

"It took us all the way to the Gator Bowl," he said, "but Florida State Coach Bill Peterson, who originally helped Dietzel put the system in at LSU, agrees with me that the new rule has killed it. I don't know what I am going to tell our third team, whose high morale and defensive play helped win several games."

Now hear this, coaches.

Fritz Crisler, a longtime chairman of the NCAA football rules committee, says the new rule will not necessarily kill the three-platoon system, Bandits and Gators and all, but will make substitutions easier. Aside from the elimination of queuing up for reporting in, he says, it will eliminate the messenger system by which coaches call plays from the bench, and coaches will be gambling if they don't teach players both offensive and defensive football.

That's what Fritz Crisler says. Our own interpretation is that it means you can play platoon football whenever the clock is stopped (Crisler's words) or on second and third down when the wind is out of the north with the cheerleaders doing the twist, unless, of course, popcorn is being sold in the stadium for more than 15¢, as the confused coaches seem to be saying.

IT WAS PRETTY COLD

It was cold enough to disrupt the Detroit version of the world heavyweight wrestling championship when Dick (The Bruiser) Afflis got stranded in a snowbank on the way to the arena; cold enough in Dixie to discombobulate a 300-bout holiday flotilla off Houston and delay the Pan-American rifle shoot in San Antonio for two days; and snowy

enough in Minnesota to maroon Viking Coach Norm Van Brocklin and former Los Angeles Ram tackle Don Simensen in an ice-fishing house until rescued by snow-plow. It was not cold enough to keep a spotty, 47-year-old Wayne, Mich. housewife from winning a bet. Last winter Lavina Radabaugh read that the Clare, Mich. Chamber of Commerce was paying a man \$150 to penetrate the Michigan north woods in midwinter and live for a week with minimum equipment. "Oh polaw," said she. "Anyone can do that." "Come on up and try," countered the CC boys. For a week, with the temperature at 36° below for much of the time, Mrs. Radabaugh camped out in the northland in only a pup tent and sleeping bag and with barely a bowlful of gruel. It was, moreover, her first camping trip. She got the \$150, plus a new hardco from a local shop.

THE SCARESHAG

Four little lakes in western Washington—Hart, Pass, Eric and Cranberry—are just about the best trout producers in that part of the state. Each of them turns



out a catch of 50,000 rainbows every season. Unfortunately, they also provide a choice winter hangout for cormorants and mergansers. A glutinous mob of 79 shags (cormorants) and 300 sawbills (mergansers) has been counted over a single lake in a day, each of them assiduously eating his weight in young trout. Game Protector Hank Moore brought down one merganser with five 10-inch rainbows in its innards and estimates that a full-grown cormorant needs 25 trout of that size per day to keep in the pink.

Moore used to spend his winters tearing around from lake to lake, shooting

away at the freelancers, but shags and sawbills are smart. They learned to spot his ear and nose in clouds as he advanced on them. He couldn't ask hunters to help because part of the area is a state park, in which firearms are forbidden to all but Department of Game employees.

This winter Moore is one up on the enemy. He has taken some derelict rowboats, bailed them out and patched them up, and manned them with plywood scarecrows dressed in bright flight suits discolored by Navy pilots of the Whidbey Island Naval Air Base. These looking rather like fishermen, have been installed on all the lakes. Though the annual decline in saltwater food fish is well under way, and thus the season for bird predators to move in on the lakes is long overdue, not a single one has had the courage to investigate the fake fishermen.

Only complaint, outside of high-flying squawks from the hungry horde, is a mild one registered by Moore's wife. All day long she has to answer the telephone and explain to irate sportsmen that yes, Hank knows about the man fishing out of season on Cranberry (or Eric or Hart or Pass) Lake and no, he isn't a relative.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Athletic officials of Mississippi State, which was denied participation in the past two NCAA basketball tournaments because of the state's integration policy, believe James Meredith's admission to Ole Miss, no matter how, improves the school's chances of playing in this year's tournament.
- Leading Chicago members of the University of Illinois alumni are determined to replace Football Coach Pete Elliott with Alex Agase, now an assistant coach at Northwestern.
- Construction will start March 1 on Houston's \$24 million domed stadium, with completion scheduled in time for the 1964 pro football season.
- California horsermen, whose major tracks (Santa Anita, Hollywood and Del Mar) are open for less than six months each year, expect Governor Brown to grant at least 26 additional racing dates, and possibly 44, to these tracks next year.

THE DEMOCRATIC WAY

At first there was a furious din over the unorthodoxy of it all. English pool promoters wanted to get rid of a \$14 million surplus, caused by snowed-out soccer games, by having experts decide who would have won if the games had

continued.

Peter

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SCORECARD continued

played. Most public opinion shrank from the thought, agreeing with The Manchester Guardian that it was a "desperate device by pools promoters for pursuit of their private profit." Furthermore, the Guardian hinted darkly, the move might have far-reaching consequences: "If games can be decided without being played, wars can be decided without being fought. All that is needed is a formula, agreed between Moscow, Peking and the Rand Corporation."

But holders of the betting coupons happily went along with the promoters, and the paper play was on. Promptly at regular kickoff time, a six-man panel met secretly in London and for 90 minutes debated the results of 38 canceled games. Then Panel Spokesman Lord Brabazon of Tara, 78, who described himself as a football amateur, announced the scores on a nationwide TV broadcast. There were 23 wins by home teams, eight victories by visiting teams and seven draws. With five games actually played to a tie that day, there were 12 draws in all, just about average for a Saturday (winnings are mostly based on picking the ties). "Our results," purred Lord Brabazon, "are perfect." A press panel, also on television, dazedly agreed. One grinning reporter stood up. "On behalf of all Yorkshiremen," he said, "I want to thank the panel for giving Leeds its first cup victory since 1952."

A TIME FOR EVERYTHING

Hippomania is an inordinate love of horses. English women, the BBC nervously told its viewers recently, are particularly susceptible to it. In fact, Britain is breeding lady hippomaniaes at an alarming rate. Why? According to one psychiatrist, it is all biological.

"Small girls develop physically earlier than small boys," says he. "They have grace and poise suited to riding. In addition, horses have to be mothered. A pony is larger and in every way more satisfying than a Teddy bear."

From summers spent at pony camp to tally-hoing with the hunt is a quick hurdle, and once they have taken it, ladies ride on for years. Telltale mark of hippomania: a riding school for children to be born in the off-hunting season.

THE REWARD OF VISION

A man who saw the name of the late Dr. Charles H. Strub on last week's Santa Anita racing program was moved to re-

mark on the doctor's remarkable foresight. When he built Santa Anita in 1934 he had trouble peddling 200 shares at \$5,000 a share to get the necessary \$1 million. Skeptics figured to move in and take over at 10¢ on the dollar when his brainchild went broke. But Dr. Strub made racing over from a private diversion into the great public entertainment that it is today. One of the original shares (the stock has since been split 375 for one) is worth about \$120,000 today.

Now, for the past three years, his son Bob has been running the show and in a manner that would make his father proud. Bob's first move was to hire permanently New York's able racing secretary, Jimmy Kilroe, now a vice-president and director of racing. Kilroe's goal is to have the best racing in America at Santa Anita and he may have done it, what with the fine turf course and the improvement of California breeding. Santa Anita probably is the best-managed racetrack in America. It certainly is one of the most beautiful in the world. Dr. Strub had foresight indeed.

SPORTING CHOICE

A few hours before Utah State met Baylor in the Gotham Bowl two seasons ago, Coach Johnny Ralston declared his grant Utah State tackle, Clyde Brock, ineligible. Brock, Ralston learned, had committed himself to play professional football for the Chicago Bears. And the absence of Brock may have been the reason that Utah State lost to Baylor 24-9.

Now Ralston has his reward. At least in part because of his sportsmanlike conduct, Stanford has picked him to coach its football team. The surrender of Brock, committee members said, was an act becoming a Stanford man. Not that Ralston is a Stanford man. He is a graduate of California, Stanford's No. 1 rival.

THEY SAID IT

◆ Norm Van Brocklin, Minnesota Viking coach, on Alex Karras' admission that he bet on NFL games: "Karras must have been playing without his helmet the last couple of years."

◆ Jim Umbricht, Houston Colt pitcher, explaining why he quit his off-season job as a Colt ticket salesman: "My conscience hurt me. I hate to play golf when I should be out working, so the only thing to do was quit working."

◆ Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd, complaining about the new "free substitution" rule: "They've taken the game away from the coaches."

END

2 Reasons why boys (and men) leave home!



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Sports
Illustrated
FEBRUARY 4, 1983

THE AWFUL AUTO RIDE

Even in the best of times the Monte Carlo Rally is a torturing test of physical and mental endurance. This year the snows came. Of 296 starters, only 102 got through. One of them, heroic Bo Ljungqvist, drove a Ford Falcon through the serpentine curves of southern France (below) to a sensational finish

CONTINUED





FOUR DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ON THE ROAD

By KENNETH RUCEN

The Monte Carlo Rally is an immense and immensely difficult automotive test. No other event of its type has so captured the imagination of Europe. Scores of cars start from eight scattered esues on a nonstop 2,500-mile midwinter journey to the Rinnier and Grace principality on the Mediterranean. Pausing only to refuel, change tires and make repairs, drivers and co-drivers spend four days and three nights on the road, and the last section—in the mountainous terrain of southern France—is the most arduous. Battling fatigue, the drivers have to fight up narrow switchbacks and over lofty passes in the French Alps, where precipitous drops at roadside promise urgent danger of "the loud silence," that time of dread when a car hurtles off a ledge and soundlessly down until it strikes the rocks below. But because the highest honors are won in the mountains most of the drivers race through them with desperate haste. The rally is demanding enough when the weather is fine, but last week, as Europe shivered into the second month of its interminable cold wave, the rally routes were a frigid horror. Once again Europe bent a fascinated ear to the radio and television reports of "this great human adventure." And this time there was something for Americans, too.

The new kings of the mountains, in fact, are the Ford Falcon Sprint and a sort of superman named Bo Ljungfeldt. The Sprint is Ford's latest high-performance model driven by a 260-cubic-inch, eight-cylinder engine. Ford entered three of the cars in the rally, the first serious American invasion in its 52-year history. Le Grand Bo, a 40-year-old Bo Tage Georg Ljungfeldt came to be known, is a tall, blue-eyed and balding Swede of no previous rally fame. Last week he stormed through the mountains in a Falcon Sprint with such ferocious zeal that he would have won the rally outright but for penalties received elsewhere on the journey.

As a consequence of these penalties, the highest awards were captured by Ljungfeldt's compatriots, Erik Carlsson and Ivar Rosqvist. A giant of a man possessed of a potbelly worthy of St. Nicholas, Carlsson achieved a rare double by placing first overall for the second consecutive year. He drove a little red

Swedish SAAB, a three-cylinder, front-wheel-drive car, and in the mountains he used straight gasoline in his windshield washers to fight freezing rain. Mrs. Rosqvist, *la Mousse Lory* in the French press, is the glamorous young woman who made headlines last fall in Argentina by defeating 254 men in that country's longest and most famous road race. Last week she and her co-driver, Ursula Wirth, won the esteemed Monte Carlo Ladies Cup, defeating all other women's teams. It was not an easy triumph. In Frankfurt, Germany, while on the rally route, she had an aching wisdom tooth pulled, with Co-driver Wirth holding her pretty head as a barnyard summoned dentist wielded his pliers in a roadside restaurant. What's more, she had to drive her big, gray Mercedes in the final rally speed test on the Monte Carlo Grand Prix racing circuit just an hour after suffering a painful leg bruise when a rally car plunged off course and sent a 100-pound protective hay bale flying into her.

Despite the magnificent skill and courage of the Swedes, however, the Falcons were the biggest news of the event. Said a London newspaper, "The Falcons are part of a power and performance plan that will shake up motoring in every country of the world." In last week's shaking, a Falcon (not Bo's) won first prize in its class when the opposing British Jaguar failed to finish at all.

But there was not and perhaps never has been anything quite like the performance of the great Bo. Ljungfeldt said afterward, between gulps of his favorite restorative, Scotch and Coca-Cola, that he "never slept" during his 71 hours on the road and was relieved at the wheel by his co-driver and countryman, Gunnar Hagghorn, for a mere five hours of the journey. The Swedish, he said, who do much of their winter driving on tricky, snow-covered gravel roads, come naturally by their winter driving skills. They dote on night road competition, too. Casually, he reported encountering fog so thick on the Col de Perty, a chilly, 4,275-foot-high pass, that he had to poke his head out the window to see 10 yards ahead. He estimated his speed along this perilous, ice-coated route at 100 mph. Beside him sat Hagghorn, a man with

nerves as cool as Ljungfeldt's, calmly speaking directions from his reconnaissance notes. "Huger," he would call for an approaching right-hand bend, "twa-ater" for a left.

Ljungfeldt's daring is all the more remarkable since he knew that his chances of winning the rally were approximately nil. He already had lost 31 precious minutes before Chambery, the vermouth-producing city in southeast France from which the final 470-mile mountain run began, and in rallying a driver is penalized 30 points for each minute he is officially late at a control center (thus Ljungfeldt was down 930 points). Twenty-seven other drivers—including the remarkably steady Carlsson and Mrs. Rosqvist—came into Chambery clean, although of the 296 rally starters only 216 reached Chambery at all, and of these a mere 102 completed the final lap to Monte Carlo. The atrocious weather conditions, not the drivers or the cars, were at fault.

The events that caused Ljungfeldt's penalties might have crushed a less zealous spirit. On the first night Bo hung his Falcon out over an embankment in the south of France. After getting hauled back onto the road he was delayed in a jam-up of rally cars on a relatively gentle but snow-choked hill road west of the town of Lodève, still in the south. Like the Falcons, these cars had begun the rally where they were to finish it—at Monte Carlo. The snarl was so bad that it ended then and there any hope for two-thirds of the 32 Monte Carlo starters. It also prompted, as we shall see, a spate of ridiculous press reports blaming the Ford "wagons," so termed because they are big by European standards (of compact by ours), for the mess.

The jam came dangerously near to scuttling the Falcons altogether. Delayed beyond the one-hour time limit for reporting to the next control, and thus put out, were Mrs. Anne Hall, Yorkshire's famed motoring mum, and her pretty, perky co-driver, Margaret MacKenzie of Dundee. Mrs. Hall, mother of three children, of whom the eldest is 18, is equally at home pouring tea in a decorous English parlor or standing on the throttle of a powerful rally car. She was the Monte Carlo Ladies Cup winner of



In the lowering dusk, a descending rally car's headlights streak the air in France's snowy Jura Mountains a few miles from the Swiss border.

Photograph by Brian Seid

1961) and was thought to have a fine chance this year.

The tie-up also cost the Falcon of British Racing Driver Peter Jopp and Co-driver Trant Jarman, a British-born Detroit advertising man, 13 penalty minutes. Though they ultimately were the crew to win the class trophy for Ford, they were penalized ruinously in the overall standings, finally placing 35th.

Ljungfeldt himself lost only one minute at Lodève, but next day in the north of France a tire blew as his Falcon was skimming along at 100 mph or so. There was no damage, and the tire was quickly changed. But then the clutch failed because, despite the generally superb preparation of the Falcons, a mechanic had forgotten to install a 16-cotter key. For 50 miles Ljungfeldt screamed on without the use of the clutch. Repairing it at one of the 37 Ford service points along the route cost Ljungfeldt the precious penalty minutes that lost him the rally. During the second night the fan jounced around and ripped Ljungfeldt's radiator hose, emptying the coolant. He had to replace the hose with a spare and wake up a farmer at 3 a.m., hustling him out into the cold to pump a replenishing sup-

ply of water from his well. Even so, he was able to reach the control at Rheims on time. He could not, however, recoup what he had already lost.

On the last leg from Chambéry the already defeated Ljungfeldt was magnificent. Driving without sleep, taking only Coca-Cola with a dextrose additive and a few cookies for nourishment, he negotiated six special speed stages below Chambéry—90 hideous miles of snow, ice, freezing rain and fog on high, twisty trails, some too narrow for two cars to pass abreast. The Great Bo beat Erik Carlsson's time by no less than four minutes and 24 seconds. With a handicap figured in, one unfavorable to the big-engined Fords, Ljungfeldt still defeated Carlsson on the special stages by nine points. Had he arrived at Chambéry clean, Ljungfeldt, who finished 43rd overall, would have beaten Carlsson by those nine points and increased his advantage in the Grand Prix speed test. For he was faster there, too, and for that last event no handicap was scored.

The reader may have concluded by now that rallying, Monte Carlo style, is a form of lunacy. Even when it is clear that a third of the cars are entered by

manufacturers whose sole aim is to give their products glamour, what of the cars driven by amateurs? Against the factories their chances for major prizes are incalculably small. These amateurs spend a great deal of money, but only a fraction of the \$2 million invested in last week's Monte Carlo. Perhaps the British magazine, *The Motor*, was right when it declared that the Monte Carlo "is for many people the last avenue of escape from the deadly normality of daily life."

Among the escapees was a rare variety of men and women. Church of England clergymen, a major in the Queen's Household Cavalry, a pair of motoring journalists past 50, the French Prince of Bourbon-Parma, in whose veins flows the blood royal, a former French women's tennis champion. Professionals and amateurs alike take the risks for granted, as this writer quickly discovered. "If we thought about driving off a mountain," said one rallyman before the start, "I don't suppose we'd be here in the first place."

The question was not why people went rallying but who might win. Who was best prepared? Which starting place—Lisbon, Monte Carlo, Glasgow, Paris,

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TWO WAYS TO BE RANKED 1-2

Cincinnati slowed down until it nearly expired, and Loyola ran too fast, but the country's two strongest teams stuck with their diverse styles to win the season's best doubleheader **by WALTER BINGHAM**

Chicago Stadium has a seating capacity of 18,000 and the fire department permits another 2,000 to stand, so it may never be determined how a crowd estimated at 24,000 people got into its dark confines last Saturday night. But there they were, sitting in the aisles, standing on ramps, holding onto grinders, a bell-ringing, bugle-blowing, banner-waving crowd gathered to watch two basketball games involving the top three teams in the country—Cincinnati, Loyola of Chicago, and Illinois. More than that, the event presented a chance to study two contrasting styles of play. In the first game second-ranked Loyola ran, ran, ran and shot, shot, shot as it wore down Santa Clara 92-72. In the second game top-ranked Cincinnati, playing in its slow, methodical manner, beat third-ranked Illinois 62-53. If neither game was a thriller, the huge crowd didn't mind. Watching the top three in action was worth the price of a ticket, even the scalpers' asking price—\$30.

The season's best doubleheader by far was arranged almost a year ago during the NCAA tournament in Louisville by a short, squat, balding man of 52 named Arthur Morse. Morse is a Chicago lawyer, but he is also a promoter—his official title is assistant to the athletic director at Loyola—and it is a role that he fits well. He wears black horn-rimmed glasses, smokes a cigar half his size and is incapable of standing in one spot for more than a sentence. He is Mike Todd reborn.

For several years Morse has scheduled doubleheaders in Chicago Stadium involving Loyola and Illinois. He picked Santa Clara for this year's first game, partly because the school had done him favors in the past, but mostly because the team's deliberate style of play would contrast well with Loyola, which hasn't had a deliberate thought in years. Doug Mills, the athletic director at Illinois, told Morse to get Kentucky for the sec-

ond game, but Morse wasn't sold. "I finally decided that Cincinnati had it and that Kentucky did not," says Morse—a fact that Mills himself might have been privately considering all the time.

The doubleheader was all set when Cincinnati's athletic director, George Smith, suddenly remembered that university rules forbid the team to play an away game in the week following exams. Smith told Morse he would have to get permission when he returned to Cincinnati in a week or two. Art Morse is not a man to wait even a minute or two. He pushed Smith into a Louisville phone booth and didn't let him out until Smith had received permission from every member of the athletic board. "That's how we got it," beamed Morse last week. "And boy have we ever got it."

The double catch

Morse, indeed, did have it. He had Cincinnati, the reigning national champion, winner of 32 straight, master of the art of careful basketball. In Illinois, he had the other end of the strategy saw, a helter-skelter, free-lance team of shooters that had averaged 88 points a game, 40 more than Cincinnati was in the habit of giving up.

Only one team had scored more points a game than Illinois, and that was Loyola of Chicago, with 97. Loyola won 17 straight games to earn its No. 2 ranking, and if its opposition was not overly impressive its margins of victory were.

In Chicago before the doubleheader, people were kidding Art Morse about failing to get Arizona State, the fourth-ranked team, to play Loyola, but Morse was happy enough to have Santa Clara, a steady team with an unspectacular 9-4 record but a very unimpressive win over eighth-ranked Wichita. Santa Clara's deliberate attack promised Loyola an interesting evening.

Santa Clara, its gangling young men wearing light raincoats and loafers,

landed in Chicago at 6 Friday morning with the temperature at zero. The players spent the morning trying, but in most cases failing, to sleep, then staggered out to the Loyola gymnasium for a workout. Coach Dick Garibaldi was worried about Loyola's full-court press. "I hear that Loyola's press had one team so rattled that when a Loyola guard stomped his foot on the court, the opposing player threw the ball out-of-bounds. If Loyola does that to us, we have a couple of guys who may faint," he said.

In another part of the gym George Ireland, the Loyola coach, sat at his desk. "We're really hurting," he complained. "Ron Miller, a starter, and Paul Robertson, our sixth man, are both injured. That may ruin our press. I'm dead, no kidding. But I suppose they're down there working against our press right now. Funny how that gets people worried. This is one club the press may bother." Ireland pivoted in his chair, reached into a file cabinet and produced a neat folder labeled "Santa Clara." He pulled out a paper and read: "Real pressure can be put on backcourt men since neither is an exceptional ball handler." Coach Ireland put the paper away. "Well, we'll see."

Shortly after Santa Clara left for its hotel and bed, the Cincinnati team arrived at the gym and went through a rugged hour drill. "They need work," said Coach Ed Jucker. When the practice was over Jucker and his boys boarded their bus, which promptly got stuck in the snow. Jucker moaned. Then the bus got lost. Jucker, who believes such things are omens, moaned again.

That evening the coaches of the top three teams—Jucker, Ireland and Harry Combes of Illinois—were interviewed together. Ireland and Combes, both of whom swear by lucky-split basketball, needed Jucker. "I saw a column in the paper today," said Ireland. "The writer

says that Cincinnati's style of play is as attractive as kissing a wet mop." Ireland laughed. Combes laughed. The onlookers laughed. Jucker smiled, but the smile could have slit a throat. When the interview was over the three coaches shook hands like three ministers of state. Art Morse rushed up and tried to embrace all of them at once, but each was already headed in a separate direction.

On Saturday morning Harry Combes sat in his hotel suite sucking on a cough drop. "I've been fighting the flu all week," he said. He coughed violently, his lean body shaking. "This is a new cough drop with a liquid center—the liquid gets you."

Combes and most of the Illinois team had seen Cincinnati's game against Bradley in Peoria. At the time, he was asked how Cincinnati looked. "Well, it depends on what kind of game you came to see," he had answered. "Both teams were well disciplined." What Combes meant is that if you like defensive basketball that's your business.

The last spectator who could squeeze in had hardly gotten a firm hold on an I beam in the rafters of Chicago Stadium on Saturday night when Santa Clara's Dick Gariboldi discovered he had been worrying about the wrong thing. The Santa Clara guards handled Loyola's press with ease and cut up the rest of the Rambler defense—this being an aspect of the game that apparently bores the Chicago team. What Santa Clara never got close to was a rebound. Almost every Loyola shot, if missed, was followed by a series of taps. Santa Clara got only 41 rebounds. Loyola's high jumpers came down with 64.

Still, with 12 minutes to go, the score was tied 59-59. Then Loyola made eight straight points, wrapped up the game and began playing for headlines. It used a full-court press down to the final whistle as it ran up the score, and seemed disappointed with only 92 points.

The second game was equally revealing, for it showed that on certain nights, at least, Cincinnati can be had. After 10 good minutes the normally crisp Bearcat offense went limp. Then Cincinnati's

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Looking unnerved, but actually unshakable, high scorer Bankam gets to sink a foul shot.



THE PATIENT MADMEN OF SHEEPSHEAD BAY

Catching codfish in the dank, dark dead of winter may seem to some a dreary way to get away from it all, but the determined party-boat fishermen of Brooklyn think it's pure heaven

by ARTHUR ZICH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

Only a madman would forsake a warm bed for a cold, drizzly waterfront to pull a cold, slimy codfish from a cold, wind-swept sea in the dead of winter. Only a madman, that is, or the brigades of amateur codfishermen (left) who, like chill ghosts on a fog-shrouded carnival midway, appear every morning at 4:30 on the docks where Sheepshead Bay washes the shore of Brooklyn. Barbers, ironworkers, doctors, delicatessen clerks, they come from as far away as Buffalo, Harrisburg, Pa. and Milwaukee. In one weekend alone this winter, 1,305 of them paid \$5.50 to \$7 each for the privilege of silently freezing to the rail of the *Gloam*, the *Jovial*, or one of the other 31 party boats in the codfish fleet. By 6, the first boats are under way, heading out past Ambrose Lighthouse for rich fishing grounds: the rocky Choleia Bank, gravel-bottomed Middle Grounds, the sand and gravel of the Angler Banks. Two hours later their diesel cease chugging; anchors rattle over the side and the boats rock on the swells. A skipper announces, "O.K., folks, go ahead and fish," and the fishermen take up their stations on the rail, in the privacy of the skeet.

continued



"At the rail they think of nothing," says former Cod Skipper Jimmy O'Driscoll. "There's only that big one, down in the deep below. Then they've got him, and that's the joy! But until they do, they are not fit to be near." As the fishermen line up, silence descends on the water. The regular (*below*) fishes with a stubborn passion, not even pausing to light a cigarette, wipe his glasses or to eat. He wills abomination for the tinhorn at his side, a tenderfoot whose enthusiasm sank with his stomach on the rolling voyage out and who, invariably, tangles lines at precisely the moment that a codfish begins nuzzling the regular's butt. At least once a week a tinhorn hooks someone's hat, glove or sweater on the backswing of a cast, and pitches it into the sea—occasionally followed by rod, reel and the tinhorn himself. When the tangles and the quarrels begin to outnumber the fish brought aboard, engines grind alive again, and the skipper commands, "Lines up, gentlemen. It's time to move on." The boat plows on ahead—to Seventeen Fathoms





banks, to Benson or Giralda Wreck. The anglers settle in the cabin below, in a fume compounded of the odor of fish, cigar smoke and thawing bodies. Some of them doze, their minds idling back to land, their thoughts almost audible: "Well, her and the kids must just be getting up now." Others group themselves around a poker table in order to push away still further the mortgage payment due next week, the squabble with the family the night before. "And raise you five!" "Call."

No one speaks of fishing, but the man who holds the biggest fish thus far may be distracted from his poker game. He is busy poking the lines of his fellow fishermen,

for money rides on every cast. A dollar buys entrance into the Sheepshend Bay Codfish Pool, which carries a fat payoff for the biggest fish caught in the fleet. Last year a 44-pound 2-ounce codfish brought \$7,781.57. This year more than 12,000 fishermen have had a crack at \$3,900 already given out in weekly prizes. By Feb. 24, when the tournament ends, the jackpot ought to top \$8,000—heady figures to think over as the cabin gets warmer. At last the engines stop again, the anchor rattles like the clanking of coins, the poker game breaks up and the fishermen go back on the rail. They slip cold skimmer clams on 8/0 hooks, awaiting the call from the skipper.

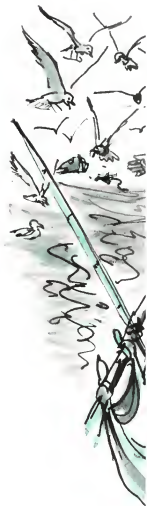
continued



CODFISHERMEN *continued*

For a man in the codfish pool, the landing of a good-sized fish (*shore*) is an event to rival the birth of a first-born son. And once aboard, the fish is handled as tenderly as a baby. An ounce more or less can determine who wins; the fish will not be weighed until the boat turns for home, and if it spews up before then the lost weight will not be counted. Homeward bound, with lines up and engines turning again, the chill, satisfying task of scaling and cleaning the fish is all that remains. Bones and the carcasses of crabs devoured by the codfish are solemnly dropped in the sea. The weary sleep on life preservers and life rafts; the card game resumes below. In time the screaming of gulls feasting in the wake will arouse them all, as surely as the sight of land. Mooring lines will be made fast. The fishermen will troop ashore. Some will return to wives and jobs in Buffalo or Harrisburg. Some will return tomorrow to stand where bur-lap bags tied to the rail mark their places.

END







300 (1955) *Graduation of a great line of sports-bred Chryslers. First production automobile with 300-horsepower rating. Prized in the Pan American Road Race.*



300-B (1956) *Champion of the demanding Daytona High Performance Trials. V-156, IR and A-14 title holder. Took to the dirt tracks as readily as the road.*



300-E (1959) *This one outperformed its illustrious predecessors—breaking from a standing start to 60 mph in 8.1 pure timing seconds!*



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*Your authorized Chrysler Dealer's warranty against defects in material and workmanship on 1963 cars has been expanded to include parts replacement or repair, without charge for required parts or labor, for 5 years or 50,000 miles, whichever comes first, on the engine block, head and internal parts, transmission case and internal parts (including manual clutches), torque converter, drive shaft, universal joints (including dust covers), rear axle and differential, and rear axle bearings, provided the vehicle has been serviced at reasonable intervals according to the Chrysler Graded Car Care schedule.



300-C (1957) *Acclaimed by international design experts as the "perfect example of modern architecture." Scored big repeat performance as Daytona champion.*



300-D (1958) *Specially designed suspension system gets the nod from the magazine experts. Car testers call this one a "great handler in every driving situation."*



300-G (1961) *Rare road artist and rally car! Again won accolades from the auto experts on performance. Won flying mile "Beach Run" again at Daytona.*



300-H (1962) *Aptly titled "The Beautiful Brute" in a three-part article running in Car and Driver ... exciting story of its heritage later published in book form.*



POLO'S NEW ARISTOCRACY MOVES IN

Slowly turning its back on society and gaining favor with just ordinary rich people, polo is now being played in places where it was never even heard of in the plush days of Meadow Brook and Lake Forest, Aurora and Midwick. One of its newest and most stunning settings is Palm Springs, Calif. (opposite), where Ted Pierce of the Pomona Red Diamonds (left) and Jack Cook of the Scottsdale, Ariz. team are shown in close pursuit of the ball, and where (overleaf) foreign teams often visit for matches with the local Eldorado club.

The way they play at Eldorado is fairly representative of polo's unpretentious new grass-roots flavor all across the country. A man can get through a thoroughly satisfying afternoon at the sport with only three fit ponies, although he really ought to have a couple extra in the barn just in case a horse or two might not be feeling up to snuff. The best ponies, usually Thoroughbreds that didn't quite earn their diplomas at the racetrack, can cost as much as \$5,000, but for the average Sunday low-goal polo at Eldorado a perfectly adequate mount can be had in the \$750 to \$1,500 price range and can be boarded at the club stable for \$80 a month.

The men who play at Eldorado are representative of the business aristocracy that has taken over the game. Gone forever, apparently, are the high-goal Wall Street brokers and lawyers and dilettantes who once lent the game their prestige. The new breed is made up of contractors and builders like L. C. (Laurie) Smith of San Mateo, realtors and mortgagors like Willis Allen of La Jolla, builders and developers like Peter Hitchcock of Sausalito (no relation to Meadow Brook's un-

forgettable Tommy) and veterinarians like Dr. Billy Linfoot, a nine-goaler from Santa Barbara. There is also the occasional Old Family member, like 72-year-old Will Tevis, who carries one of California's earliest blue ribbon names.

A typical Eldorado member arrives at the Palm Springs airport in his private (or company) plane on Friday evening or Saturday morning most winter weekends and drives the dozen or so miles east along Highway 111 to Palm Desert. If he doesn't own a house in the neighborhood, he and his wife can stay in one of the six bedrooms in the yellow stucco clubhouse that stands like a command post at the end of the three polo fields. There will always be a practice game on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday there will be two complete six-chukker games if enough players for four teams show up. If there are only 12 players, they will play a three-way round robin, each team going three chukkers against the other two.

Now that polo is no longer pursued for its social prestige it is a genuinely participant sport—and one of the most demanding. Hitting a ball with a mallet on the end of a willowy five-foot shaft while traveling at 25 or 30 miles an hour on a half-ton animal is not a recreation for faint hearts and frail bodies. In the great days of the 1930s when Tommy Hitchcock, Cecil Smith and Captain Pat Roark of Ireland were in their 10-goal primes, crowds of 40,000 would pay scalpers' prices to watch it on Long Island. Today's games at Eldorado and at all but a couple of the other clubs across the nation aspire to no such perfection and excitement. Nonetheless many a motorist tooling along Highway 111 has seen the sign "Polo Today" and driven down a dusty road through the date groves to see what was going on—and enjoyed the fun.







Eldorado plays England's Hurlingham before snow-flecked Mt. San Geronio



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Everything about the exciting new '63 Chevrolet says you're driving a quality automobile. It moves effortlessly, quietly. It's thoroughly responsive whether you're stepping out to pass slower cars or threading your way through the jangle of rush-hour traffic. It doesn't matter what kind of road you're

on, either. Its superb Jet-smooth ride makes gravel, chuckholes and train tracks seem almost like mirages. (This legerdemain is accomplished by installation of husky coil springs at all four wheels, plus unsparing use of cushioning and insulation in hundreds of places.) But some of its virtues are not

'63 JET-SMOOTH CHEVROLET—



Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan—one of 13 Jet-smooth models to choose from.

seat to anybody!

experienced the moment you buy one. The '63 Chevrolet has self-adjusting brakes to save you time and money; its Delcotron generator will make your battery last longer; and its ventilating cowl takes air and rain water and rinses rust-causing elements out of the rocker panels to help

protect the beauty of its richly styled Body by Fisher. Every model, from the luxurious '63 Impala to the low-priced Bel Air and Biscayne, is built to be a more satisfying car to drive. And you'll want to do a lot of that! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

Keeps Going Great



Sport inspires some

Headgear for sportsmen, created principally to protect the wearer in the pursuit of his game, has so much style that it is influencing the designs of the fussiest milliners, making it difficult this season to tell an Adolfo from an Arcaro, a lady's bonnet from a crash helmet. The cap above left, for example, by Thomas Begg, is foam-padded to protect sports car drivers. The ski racer's fiber glass helmet next to it is made by Bell-Toptex. Madcaps, on the other hand, has turned the British deerstalker into a thing of fashion in suede, and Mr. John's leather helmet (worn by Soames Bantry) is to secure the coiffure in an open car.



dashing haberdashery

The fashionable trend in head coverings for both men and women these days makes it difficult to tell those who play the game from those who merely cheer on the sidelines



The earflaps are for show on Lilly Daché's version of a rabbit hunter's hat, but the three helmets next to it are far from frivolous. The crash cap, for karters, and the Little League batter's helmet are engineered of fiber glass by Bell-Toptex; prep and college hockey teams must wear a helmet like this one by Cosby of head-cradling polyethylene. The lady's Tyrolean from Saks Fifth Avenue is just as at home in the country studded with field-trial buttons as in town with a Balenciaga suit.

In the picture below, the man's felt (left) from Saks is for horsemen and has a hard inner shell. The corduroy cap by

Thérèse Ahrens is for girls who want to look like baseball players. A leopard fedora and a red leather shooting hat (Soames wears both) are Lilly Daché's and Sally Victor's ways with two sports classics. The brown felt, imported from England by Begg, is for grouse shooters. Most dashing topper of all is also most protective—the Los Angeles Rams' helmet made of thermoplastic by Riddell. Saks created the man's Tyrolean in seal, and Emme puts suede earflaps on a Tyrolean for stylish ladies with cold ears. The cap Soames wears was designed by Adolfo, but its twin, the hunt cap by Cavanaugh, is the real thing, with a shell built in.

Photographs by Robert Jeffery





Don't give up on a downhill lie

On a hilly course you will frequently be confronted with a full shot that must be hit from a steep, downhill lie. This is a discouraging stroke to face, especially after a good drive, and demands some marked adjustments in the swing. An open stance is necessary, with most of the weight carried on the left side. The ball should be played farther back toward the right foot than usual. Since the shot will have a fairly low trajectory, a club one higher than ordinarily called for should be used—a four-iron instead of a three-iron, for example. The blade should be opened in order to help keep the ball from being pulled off to the left. The clubhead should be swung to the outside on the backswing, and the wrists must break very sharply. Thus the arc of the swing (solid red) will be considerably shorter than is conventional (dotted line). On the downswing the ball should be hit very hard and, though the backswing has been a wristy one, the wrists must not be allowed to roll over at or after impact. The head must be kept extremely steady. The best advice about such steep downhill lies is to stay out of them. You often can, by planning your play of a hole properly. If a driver off the tee will leave you such a shot with a nine-iron, it might be better to hit a four-wood tee shot, and a level five-iron to the green.

Drawings by Francis Collens



The weight (blue arrow, top) must be firmly on the left side. The backswing (solid red) is to the outside and requires a quick wrist break. At impact, however, the wrists remain firm and move the hands and club face (red planes) toward the target.



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What you'd never know just by looking at it is that it's also the most comfortable business shoe you'll ever wear.

Take the leather in the upper, for in-

stance. It's Bavarian grain leather that's been rolled and crushed till it's soft and mellow.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A tactic to foil a kangaroo

When a player leaps into a slam contract without trying a Blackwood four-no-trump bid to check on partner's aces it most likely means he has a void suit and aces don't really concern him. Against such a kangaroo type of bid, defender would have to be an ostrich to expect two aces to win tricks. So West has little excuse for leading the ace of hearts in the deal below. But what *should* he lead? Look only at the West cards, study the bidding and decide what you would have led.

Opening the heart ace would make the slam a romp. Dummy trumps and declarer knocks out the spade ace. Since his heart king is now high, one trump or even he can discard his remaining heart loser on the club queen.

The singleton club lead gives declarer four sure club tricks. A little thought should steer West away from this choice. If East can get the lead, the ace of trumps will be

the setting trick anyway and West need not risk helping declarer play the club suit correctly.

West made a better choice when he led the ace of spades and followed up with a second spade to cut dummy's ruffing power. This left dummy with only one trump. Declarer could now ruff only one heart and discard one on the queen of clubs, but he needed to set up another trick to take care of his third heart. He elected to try to use dummy's fifth club for that purpose, but when he played the king and another club, West showed out and that ended that hope.

South tried to recover. He cashed dummy's top diamonds and ruffed a third round. But the suit failed to split, and dummy had only one remaining entry—the trump, that would take care of one heart loser. This left South one trick short of his slam.

It was hard luck to find the clubs stacked against him and, mathematically, there was just as much chance that the missing diamonds would misbehave. Nevertheless, South was entirely responsible for his own downfall, for he could have given himself two chances instead of one simply by trying out the diamonds first.

With the trumps drawn, dummy's top diamonds are cashed. When both opponents follow, the contract is assured. South ruffs a diamond, plays the king and ace of clubs, ruffs another diamond, gets back to dummy by trumping a heart and discards the remaining hearts on the good diamond and the club queen.

Now suppose East had five diamonds instead of five clubs. When West shows out on the second diamond, there is still time for declarer to cash the club king, lead to the club ace, discard on the club queen, ruff a fourth club, trump a heart to get back to dummy and discard the last heart on the established club winner.

EXTRA TRICK

So it turns out that the best lead against the slam is a small heart. Could this have been foreseen? Yes. The bidding has told West that dummy must be void, but it hasn't told South who holds the heart ace. Declarer could still make the hand by letting the lead run to his heart king, or by taking a first-round finesse of the club 10. However, the chances certainly are that declarer would ruff the opening heart lead in dummy and play one round of trumps. Then, after a trump continuation, he would probably misguess the club suit.

END

Neither side vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♠	3♥
2♠	PASS	2♠	4♥
3♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

The big jump: a Siberian champion tells his story

Russia's world record high jumper (see cover), in the U.S. for the indoor season, reflects on his early life as a Soviet athlete and tells why men should leap higher yet



My sporting career seems simple and natural to me, because scores of other young Soviet men and women advance to big-time sport the same way. For me, it began in the Siberian *taiga* [bush], where I was born on Apr. 14, 1942, in the village of Tolbuzino, east of Lake Baikal. My father was and still is a coal mining engineer, my mother a mine technician. The hunger and privations of war missed us. Perhaps because of this I was able to grow up strong and healthy. I remember running away from the house and wandering about the forests and swamps for hours as a child. My cherished dreams then was not to break world records but to have a shotgun of my own; I pictured myself as a hunter.

I have a vivid memory of my first years at school. We had already moved to Yuzhno-Sakhalinsk on Sakhalin Island. My dad helped me rig up a chin-up bar and flying rings in our yard.

Later, in 1952, when the family moved again, this time to Lugansk in the coal and iron region of the Ukraine, I first became acquainted with track and field while attending the fourth grade of public school 17. Sports were popular there, and school meets were held very often. P.T. classes were far from monotonous.

As a matter of fact, it was at these classes that I took an interest in high jumping. It seemed the most graceful of all track and field events to me. I suppose even then I thought coal mining was not for me. My older sister became an electrical engineer, a younger brother is studying to be a builder. The youngest in the family, Igor, hasn't decided yet what he wants to do—but I like athletics.

When vacation time came in the summer of 1956, I talked my parents into leaving me in town, instead of sending me out to a Young Pioneer country camp. The biggest track meets took place in the summertime, and that year I met Pyotr Shein, my first coach. He had seen me jumping—I wasn't very good—and invited me to practice at the Vanguard Junior Sports Training School.

Frankly, those first real workouts were a bit disappointing to me. I thought I'd be tackling the bar from the very beginning, but Shein had me practicing gymnastics, weight lifting and cross-country running. It was boring in the beginning, you can believe me, but I grew healthier and stronger and my clearances grew higher.

It was at this time that I first learned about my future rival, John Thomas. I read in *Soviet Sport* (our sports daily)

that Thomas, a 17-year-old schoolboy, had gone over the bar at 6 feet 7½. I was feeling proud of my own achievement—5 feet 8½—and I told myself, "You're not so hot."

Thomas didn't know it, but this was the beginning of our rivalry. Just two days before my 17th birthday I jumped 6 feet 6½, and then at a meet in Moscow on Aug. 13, 1960, I leaped 7 feet 1½ to set a new European high. The jump earned me a trip to the Olympic Games in Rome. The experts, however, were unanimous in predicting a victory for Thomas. Nobody had approached his world record of 7 feet 3½.

It was in the Italian capital that Thomas and I met for the first time. I was lying on the grass and reading a book at the Olympic Stadium when I looked up and saw a slender athlete come up to the jump sector. I tossed my book aside, picked up my camera and hurried over to take pictures.

Thomas set the bar, called out the height, "6 feet 11½," and went over with ease. He looked at me, smiled, and flew over the height again. I looked on in wonder, and took one shot of him after another. But it turned out that John underestimated his opponents. Robert Shavlukadze (he now bears the title of



DURING FIRST U.S. INDOOR TOUR, BRUMEL SOUGHT WORLD RECORD. HE RARELY MISSED, LATER CLEARED HEIGHT WITH EASE

merited athlete of the U.S.S.R.) won the gold medal. I equaled his clearance of 7 feet 1 to take the silver medal. Thomas had to be content with bronze.

"An accidental defeat," chorused the foreign observers. We met again several months later, in February 1961, when I was invited to the U.S. for the indoor games. I took part in three meets and placed first in each of them. Thomas took second place all three times. I felt sorry for John. The American press had shifted its tone and unleashed a torrent of abuse against their erstwhile idol. This was unfair, of course. I am most grateful for this rivalry with Thomas, because it helped me so. Keen rivalry gives birth to top results. John is a great friend of mine and an outstanding athlete who has not said his last word in the high jump. His physical build is excellent, and, besides, he is most industrious. In my opinion, John has to polish his style and improve his run-up.

Personally, I don't think any special natural gift is necessary to sail over the bar at seven feet or higher. It has been hard work, persevering effort, that has chiefly helped me to attain world class standards. I use the belly-roll or straddle. My present coach, Vladimir Dyachkov, is one of the world's experts in the style.

Some people have asked me whether I've had any ballet training. "You're so light in going over the bar," they say. Well, I've never taken up ballet, although I like to dance and I am a ballet fan and try to see as many Bolshoi performances as possible. As for my lightness in the air, that's due to constant polishing of jumping technique.

I can't say exactly how many times a year I practice, but, in any case, I try not to make any big gap in training, whatever the season of the year. I believe that I have yet to achieve the summit of jumping technique myself, and Dyachkov shares this view. I remember how Dyachkov cut the load in my first workouts with him in 1960. I felt less tired than before, but my clearances continued to climb higher just the same. We paid special attention to the run-up. "Don't concentrate only on the moment of going over the bar," Dyachkov told me. "The foundation for your jump should rest on the ground."

Dyachkov doesn't keep to any set pattern, but varies practice. My workouts differ in content, length of time and tension. A half-hour practice today is followed by a two-and-a-half-hour session tomorrow. One workout is devoted to everything but jumping. I keep away

from the jump pit altogether, and, instead, sweat it out with a barbell, running, squatting and hopping with it, gradually increasing the weight. The next practice is completely taken up with jumping. After limbering up, I clear the bar, say, at 6 feet 4½. Dyachkov is on the sidelines, noting everything on his pad. He calls me over and we go into a huddle. He advises me to measure the run-up distance again. I resume jumping, clearing 6 feet 6½, 6 feet 8½, 6 feet 9½, 6 feet 11 and 7 feet. After each jump I listen to Dyachkov's remarks. I usually don't make any ceiling efforts in practice. My faults are reviewed at the end of the session. Dyachkov will tell me I am planting my takeoff foot too soon, or he will point out that the top of my jump is coming before it should, too far back of the bar before my belly button is over the center.

It really is necessary to practice in other sports in order to show sizable results in the high jump. I sprint the 100 meters in 10.7 [equivalent to a 9.8 hundred], put the shot 49 feet and throw the discus 147 feet. My best broad jump was 23 feet 1¾. The barbell and I are particular friends. Weight lifting develops practically the same muscles which send a jumper up. Jumpers, like weight lifters,

continued



NEWLYWED BRUNEL RELATES JUMP TO BRIDE MARINA LARIONOVA



RATMIR BRUNEL EXTOLLS ATHLETE'S LIFE TO A GROUP OF SOVIET YOUTHS

TRACK AND FIELD *Continued*

must be able to concentrate their utmost strength in one quick effort.

Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who holds the world record in the broad jump, and I traveled to the Carpathian Mountains for our vacation last summer. We pledged not to do any jumping or weight lifting, but really have a rest, Igor's wife, Rita, who came along with us, is a first-class tennis player. We agreed that she would teach us to play. But we soon became bored. With a guilty smile, Igor proposed that we hunt around for a bar-bell. I laughed and agreed.

Using substantially the same methods as mine, other Soviet jumpers have been quite successful. Yuri Seganov, who broke the charm over the long-standing national record—6 feet 10½—also bettered the world record with a jump of 7 feet 1. Shavlakadze, of course, was the 1960 Olympic champion. He now has a weak knee and is incapable of jumping as he once did. I am also grateful to my constant rivals at home, Victor Bolshov and Vasily Khoroshilov, who offered me stiff opposition in the summer of 1960. I regard Bolshov as my main Soviet challenger.

One of my finest performances came after I had, in a sense, broken training. That was at Palo Alto, during the Soviet-U.S. meet last year. It was hot, and despite strict orders from our national coach, Gabriel Korobkov, I sneaked off to the swimming pool. I felt a bit stiff and unsure of myself making my first jumps. Measuring the run-up distance again, I realized it was half a foot longer than usual. I made a new mark and my jumps improved at once. The crowd cheered me, and eventually the judges raised the bar to 7 feet 5. I felt everything was going all right as I sailed up and over. True, I touched the bar and it quivered, but it did not fall. This was a marvelous moment for me.

I surprised myself and almost everybody else when I broke the world record again on September 29 at my school championships at Lenin Stadium in Moscow. I had been at the Tretyakov Art Gallery in the morning and had attended lectures at the Moscow Physical Culture Institute in the early afternoon. The stands were crowded with football fans, who had come to watch a league game and stayed on for the track and field program. The weather was good, and my initial clearances built up my confidence. I decided to have a try at 7 feet 5½. After

measuring the run-up distance carefully, I repeated in my mind all the elements of the jump. I repeated them exactly in reality. Landing in the pit, I looked up, wondering whether I had dislodged the bar. It stayed up!

What about this year? I have read in several papers that I have promised to beat 7 feet 6½ this year. I assure you that I never made such a statement. I did say that 7 feet 6½ can be beaten, and that I'd most probably make an effort to do this. But whether I succeed is something altogether different. Adding even an eighth of an inch is really very tough business.

High jumping won't be my only interest this year. I was married two weeks ago to Marina Larionova, a gymnast who has gone to the Physical Culture Institute with me. We will continue to train there, but we want to get on with our lives too. After my jumping days are over I intend to teach physical education. I like sport very much, but it isn't the only thing in my life. It should, in my opinion, be taken up in one's leisure. Sport is both recreation and joy. I've always objected to the system of professional sport. Incidentally, it doesn't exist in the Soviet Union—every Soviet athlete works in his main profession or his trade.

My New Year's resolutions are to finish my third year at the Institute with excellent marks, see some new plays in Moscow theaters, read more well-written books on various subjects and prove to my stubborn friend, Sergei Lopatin, ex-world record holder in the lightweight division of weight lifting, that I'm a better chess player than he. I also want to help young athletes. Right now I have a very young pen pal, Volodya Koldanov, who has jumped 5 feet 5. Helped by the U.S.S.R.'s physical education program, he will improve. Grade schools and college in my country have classes in almost all sports. Besides, young athletes are trained in junior sports schools and later in sports associations. Their tutors are all experienced men.

I am looking forward to a keen rivalry with Joe Faust and Gene Johnson and, of course, John Thomas. I know that Faust has already cleared 7 feet 1, and that Johnson is just behind him, although he keeps to the outdated Western roll style. I hope that our rivalry will see my indoor record of 7 feet 4½ fall. There is no reason why it shouldn't.

THE COACHES VIEW BRUMEL AND SOME U.S. RIVALS

Joe Faust, the young Californian who has this year said that he hopes to jump 7 feet 4 or 7 feet 5, is one of several high jumpers who can kick the crossbar of a football goal post, but they all do it with a straight leg. Valeri Brumel can achieve the same result with a bent leg. "This," says Charles Coker, a coach of the Los Angeles Sanders and one of the world's foremost high jump authorities, "shows the power Brumel is able to develop in the upper thigh. He has done this through his extensive weight program and his intense desire to achieve greatness."

Coker likens Brumel to Parry O'Brien, who revolutionized the shot put, and Cornelius Warmerdam, who perfected the pole vault technique. "Brumel," he says, "is stronger than any of our top jumpers—John Thomas, Faust or Gene Johnson. As a 16-year-old weight lifter, he could press 35 pounds more than his body weight. That is tremendous. But he also has great speed. His approach to the bar is the fastest of any jumper I have ever seen. Because of his strength, Brumel is able to convert that forward momentum into upper thrust unparalleled in the world. When he slams that foot down for the takeoff, you don't realize the impact until you study it in slow-motion films. Brumel does it so quickly that it is deceiving."

Jim Tupper, assistant to Coach Jim Elliott at Villanova, says that after Brumel plants his left foot he leans back on his leg, coiling it like a whip, then rocks from heel to ball to toe and explodes upward. Using a combination

straddle-dive technique, Brumel dacks his head in toward the bar—most jumpers carry their heads higher—making his leap look neat and compact. "The trailing leg," Tupper says, "is no problem with Brumel. With his speed, he is actually sailing. His center of gravity is very low and he just wraps himself around the bar, all very quick."

Thomas, by contrast, practically walks up to the bar, then nearly stops dead in front of it before lifting off. Coker is confident that Thomas, who is 6 feet 5 inches tall, could regain the world record if he would adopt the 6-foot Brumel's training methods and adjust them to his style. One American jumper who relied on speed and strength—5-foot-8 Clinton Larson of Utah—had amazing success back in 1916, when he jumped 6 feet 8. "But Thomas has the most potential of anyone today," says Coker. "He will have to generate great enthusiasm, however, punish himself with work, adopt a weight program and get himself lean and whip hard."

Other Americans who could eventually press Brumel are Faust, a 16-year-old New York schoolboy, Del Benjamin, who has already gone over 6 feet 7½ and is now switching from the western roll to the straddle, and, surprisingly, Ralph Boston, the broad jumper. "Boston," Coker believes, "could develop into a high jumper who could press anyone in the world. He jumped 7 feet last year in practice. He has the talent. All he needs is the time and the willingness to sacrifice the broad jump."



WORLD'S TOP JUMPERS, BRUMEL AND JOHN THOMAS, ARE FRIENDLY OPPONENTS



DAPPER AS USUAL, WINICK POSES AT GULFSTREAM WITH TOP RUNNERS SWAPSON (LEFT), SMART DED (CENTER) AND SENSITIVO

The very irreverent horse trainer

Arnold Winick says any reasonably intelligent young man can handle Thoroughbreds.

This heresy, coupled with his own success, has not endeared him to some oldtimers

"If you look over my horses," says Arnold Winick, the trainer, "you'd be pretty silly not to see that I've got just about everything. You name the kind of race you want a horse to run in—a \$3,500 clammer or the Kentucky Derby, a three-furlong sprint or a race at two miles—and I've got a horse that can run in it and win. How did I get them? Some of them came to me because my reputation has grown so fast and some of them came to me because different owners

started noticing that I work as much as 21 hours a day at my job. But I don't think a damned one of them came to me because I was 'just plain lucky.'"

This week, as the important 40-day meeting at Miami's Hialeah racecourse enters its second quarter, Arnold Winick is its leading trainer. Blue-eyed, handsome, confident, successful, natty, cheerful, brave, clean and irreverent, Winick is moving toward far more than the trainers' championship at Hialeah this

year, however. At the age of 35 he has a very good chance of becoming the youngest trainer in racing history to saddle the winners of over \$1 million in purses. Within the next 13 weeks he will be trying to win:

- The \$100,000 Widener Handicap or the \$145,000 Santa Anita Handicap with Sensitivo, the most improved distance horse in the country.

- The \$100,000 Flamingo Stakes, the \$100,000 Florida Derby and the \$125,000

continued

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Kentucky Derby with two prize colts, Swapson and In the Pocket.

• The \$35,000 Kentucky Oaks with Smart Deb, the top 2-year-old filly of 1962.

Though he finished second in the trainers' standings last year in money won, with \$871,275, Winick has still not attained the fame that normally accompanies such success in Thoroughbred racing. In Florida, where last season he trained a record number of 51 winners, he is as well known to the tourists as pompano and key lime pie. He is well known, too, in Chicago, where he finished second (16 winners to 15) to M. A. (Mish) Tenney at last summer's Washington Park meeting. (It was Tenney, the cowpoke conditioner for Rex C. Ellsworth's powerful West Coast stable, who beat Winick out for the money-winning championship in 1962 and it is Tenney whom Winick must beat this year.)

There are some racing people who feel that Arnold Winick is not the complete horseman in the sense that Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, Jimmy Jones or Mish Tenney are. These critics maintain that Winick simply hires excellent help and then rides along on their coattails. This is standard criticism, in racing, of someone who has achieved success at a young age; when it is said about Winick, however, there often is an edge to the speaker's tone. Perhaps the edge is there because Winick's self-confidence can be interpreted as cockiness, perhaps because the game of horseracing, a holy calling to many of its followers, is the target of Winick's irreverence. "I do not believe," he said recently, "that training horses requires more intelligence than any profession in the world or that the smartest men in the world are involved in it. I think that any young man of normal intelligence can be a tremendous success training horses today."

If such views offend some backstreet experts, they have not blinded a good number of the more discerning. About the time he was beginning to attract attention, Winick was walking alone over the sandy bridle path at Hialeah with a porkpie hat tilted on the back of his head. Five trainers were seated around Burn A, telling lies, and as Winick walked by, a few uncomplimentary remarks were whispered. Things like "Pretty Boy" and "Beau Brummel." When Winick was about 50 yards away from the group Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons raised his cane

and pointed it at Winick's back. "Some of you fellows knock anything that looks like it might be good," Fitzsimmons said. "If some of you had your way they'd of never got Coca-Cola off the ground. I don't know where that kid's from but he has a sense with animals and he's going to be one of the biggest trainers around someday."

Arnold Winick is from Glenview, Ill. When he was 10 an uncle, who was a judge from The American Kennel Club, convinced Winick that he should become a dog handler. Working basically in the obedience and conformation classes, Winick won blue ribbons at shows in Chicago and New York by the time he was 15. In 1949 a dog owner paid off a \$900 board bill by giving him a sore-legged Thoroughbred named Miss Navanod and Winick immediately began to train her.

"It took me three years," he says, "before I got a winner. Finally I sent a filly which I had saved \$2,000 to buy—Kathleen R.—to the post at Sportsman's Park in Chicago and she won."

The Argentine experiment

For several years, as his winning totals increased, Winick was known only as a trainer of second-grade horses. In 1959, however, Mrs. Herbert Herff turned over Tudor Era to him, and Winick started the horse in the Man o' War at Aqueduct. It was Winick's first \$100,000 race, and Tudor Era won. Other owners began to give him quality horses then, and began to allow him considerable leeway in training and racing them. A born experimenter, Winick also expanded his interests in other directions. "I began reading magazines from the Argentine," he says. "In 1961 I got interested in a horse down there named Sensitive, flew down to see him, had a vet look him over and bought him for Mr. R. F. Bensinger." Last year Sensitive was one of our best distance horses, winning the Gallant Fox and Display handicaps. Winick currently has nine Argentine horses in training. "I believe," he says, "that they have exceptional ability and that American methods will make them run better."

Winick's method with his horses is to be at the track each morning at 6, either at Hialeah or Gulfstream Park. (With over 50 horses to bring to hand it is necessary for him to stable at two tracks—stall space in racing today is too precious for any track to give 50 stalls to any one stable.) He examines each of

his horses like a doctor making his morning rounds in a hospital. Instead of taking his horses out to the training track in large groups he prefers training two or three at a time so that he can watch each one closely. He then spends considerable time thinking over what each one did in training and what each should be able to do during the afternoon and in upcoming races.

Of all the horses under Winick's care today, Swapson, the most expensive Thoroughbred yearling (\$130,000) ever sold at public auction in the United States, is drawing particular interest. In 1961 Winick tried to buy Swapson at the Kennebunk Summer Sales for Bensinger but John Olin outbid them. Two days after the sale Olin called Winick and said, "Arnold, you liked that colt quite a bit, didn't you?"

"Yes," said Winick.

"Would you like to train him?" asked Olin.

"Yes!" said Winick.

Swapson got shipping sickness in the spring of 1962 and nearly died. Winick stayed up nights with the colt and nursed him back to health, only to have him buck his shins in the early summer. Swapson finally got to the races last fall, won his first race and then was beaten in his second. Last Thursday, Swapson made his first start of 1963 and was third. "He is definitely one of my Derby horses," says Winick, "and he's got the stuff to be one of the best 3-year-olds around."

Winick's skill as a developer of jockeys as well as horses is also on display this year, in the person of 18-year-old apprentice John Beebe, who rides most of the stable's top horses. Beebe, another native of Glenview, was a success on the horse show circuit and once worked as an exercise boy for Carl Harford, the trainer of Kelso. Two years ago Beebe was out of a job at Christmastime and thumbed through a copy of the *Daily Racing Form* to see who the top trainers were. He saw Winick's name atop the list at Tropical Park, called him and was hired. Winick gave Beebe his first mount, then his first winner, and Beebe is now the top apprentice at Hialeah and may become the Ronnie Ferraro of 1963.

With the major spring stakes coming up, Arnold Winick will be the man in the East to watch in Thoroughbred racing. In those cities where newspapers are still published, the chances are you will be able to watch him just by looking at the headlines.

END

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Watched by gendarmes, a rallyist speeds through French mountain village of Le Brethon.



Complex rally routes originate at eight cities—Monte Carlo, Lisbon, Glasgow, Paris, Stockholm, Warsaw, Frankfurt and Athens—then converge for run from Chambéry to Monaco.

Athens, Warsaw, Frankfurt or Stockholm—would be the most favorable? The consensus was that the Stockholm route, flat for many miles and with two ferry crossings permitting a little serene sleep, was very good, and the one from Monte Carlo among the worst. Events proved the prophets right. Both winning Swedes had started from Stockholm. Ford chose Monte Carlo, despite the mountains on the outbound route, because the Falcon Sprints were first unveiled there and because there would be no red tape crossing frontiers: the entire route, apart from the principality itself, lay in France.

Ford spared no expense to outfit a superior team. Under Competition Manager George Merwin and Team Manager Jeffery Uren, a seasoned British rallyman, the three Falcons were tuned and equipped by John Holman, the race-wise American who prepares Ford Galaxies for stock car events at home. For night driving each Falcon had two fog lamps and two brilliant "flamethrowers" of searchlight candlepower, one forward and the other planted firmly on the roof. A huge supply of spare parts was carried in each car.

Starting in November, each team of drivers practiced the route endlessly, logging 15,000 to 18,000 miles of practice. Besides the 37 service depots, there were special support Falcons, each driven by a rally veteran and manned by two mechanics. These cars were to leapfrog the rally route and be ready to assist the team at designated points. If Britain's Sam Croft Jones had not gone sprinting in his service Falcon for a wrecker to pull Ljungfeldt out of his first mishap, he might now be just another Swede.

I rode with a Falcon support car. From the first the weather was bitter as our car climbed steeply into the mountains from Monte Carlo. By dinnertime, after we had seen Anne Hall and Peter Jopp flash through the silent, frozen streets of Serres, the slightest grade was an obstacle for our ordinary tires. But next morning, after a night in a tiny inn, we discovered that we could move reasonably quickly. While the two surviving Falcons were speeding northward in the west of France, we hurried north to catch the rally at St. Loup, near the German border. That night we left two bottles of drinking water in the car. Both froze and one burst by morning.

Farms lay under a thin blanket of snow. Cyclists, with their cargoes of

French bread, pedaled the roads wearing enormous gloves that looked like hockey goalies' mitts. At midmorning Jopp and Jarman stopped to chat. We gave them some chocolate and cheese. They told us about the tie-up beyond Lodève. "We'd have been home and dry if there hadn't been such a bloody lot of rally cars in trouble ahead of us," said an irate Jopp.

By then there had been vague reports that Falcons had blocked the Lodève road. We later saw such accusations in the press, but back in Monte Carlo the Falcons drivers were furious, said Jarman. "We had to stop on a little way, cool because eight or nine other rally cars ahead of us were stuck. Bo was in front of us. We could not go on, so we changed from normal tires to spiked tires. Changing took a few minutes, but we sat for half an hour or so, unable to move. Then a car ahead got clear. Bo charged a snowbank and got through. We did the same." Later at St. Loup we heard other tales. "All Athens starters stopped by snowdrifts in Yugoslavia,"

"All Lisbon starters out." Stockholm and Paris starters in the meantime obviously were doing well. We saw them go by in large numbers.

From St. Loup we pushed south to Chambéry. Patches of ice were succeeded by slick, hard-packed snow. Chambéry was unbelievably cold. Hot waffles were served from an open van. Mechanics worked mightily, changing tires and making repairs. Drivers were bone-weary. Britain's Peter Harper, who had taken a works Sunbeam Rapier on a 120-mile side trip in Germany because a rally road and alternate roads were closed, nevertheless came into Chambéry clean. He said: "I feel as though I've done two rallies already." He looked like a dead man.

Another Sunbeam driver, Peter Procter, had got to Chambéry with no time demerits only because he sealed off a leaking cylinder-head gasket by using an old trick—dropping the whites of two eggs into the radiator. Later his beater failed and he used another, more expensive trick—pouring brandy on the wind-

shield to clear the quickly forming ice.

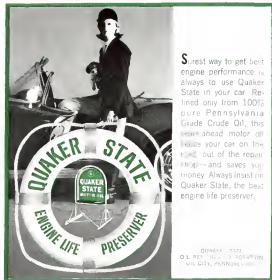
During the hard Chambéry-Monaco run many drivers gulped what the British call wakey-wakey pills. The Rev. Rupert Jones, curate of Rochdale, offered his sidekick, the Rev. Philip Morgan of London, a small pill. "Will you have a cup of tea?" asked Jones. "Thank you, I shall," replied Morgan. "It was," said Morgan, back in Monte Carlo, "a very nice outing."

Snow fell all through the third night. My car traveled the safer, main roads. They were hairy enough, and I could imagine as we slipped and slid up and down mountains the frozen hell of the rally itself, traveling the highest and worst roads. But then rally drivers are another breed. "After Chambéry it was wonderful," said Bo Ljungfeldt's partner, Gunnar Haggborn. "What a fabulous car! What a wonderful ride from Chambéry!" said Tram Jarman.

"A beautiful car! I would start another rally tomorrow," said The Great Bo Ljungfeldt, pouring Coca-Cola into his Scotch. END

The Great Bo Ljungfeldt: a cigarette dangling from his lips, climbs back into Ford Falcon Sprint at finish-line control post in Monte Carlo.





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BASKETBALL'S 1-2

*continued from page 1**

fine guard, Tony Yates, got himself in foul trouble—an unheard-of development—and the Bearcat defense began lagging too, perhaps showing the effect of the examination week layoff. But what Cincinnati essentially displayed was a dulling supercaution instead of its usual grand plan.

However, if Cincy was troubled, Illinois was a couch case. Not all the liquid-center cough drops in Chicago could have subdued Coach Combes's strangled cries as his normally excellent bunch of marksmen took 35 shots in the first half and managed to sink just nine. This unexpected display of bluh sent Illinois off the court trailing by 33-23. The Illini tried to come back in the second half, but never hit their normal shooting stride. Illinois did cut the Cincinnati lead to four points, 34-30, thanks largely to the play of Tal Brody, a superb sophomore guard who somehow managed to keep up with Yates, run his own team, too, and turn in perhaps the most impressive single performance of the night. But when the score got that close, Cincinnati slowed the play down. The Bearcats' excellent shot, Ross Bonham, took what field-goal tries Cincy cared to risk. Finally, with two minutes left and a nine-point lead, Cincinnati shifted from slow-down to deep freeze, and refused to shoot at all. The boos rattled the stadium roof, but nothing rattles a Cincinnati stall and Illinois was beaten. As Ed Jucker led the champions off the floor they were heartily booed some more. "Why were they all hoing?" asked Jucker in the locker room, genuinely puzzled. "I mean, the object is to win. What are we supposed to do? Give them the half?" He had a point. His team had suffered through an off night against a major foe and still come away with a victory.

The basketball-wise crowd at the stadium filed out into the snow, feeling just a little disappointed. It had indeed seen the country's top three teams, but none of them had actually performed as well as they could. Yet it did come away with one big, exciting question to ponder: If the country's best offense, Loyola, played the country's best defense, Cincinnati, who would win? The teams won't face each other this year—unless they meet in the NCAA tournament—but you can bet that Matchmaker Morse is already hard at work trying to arrange just that game for next season. **END**



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PAEAN TO A WINGED HUNTER

For nearly as long as records have been kept, the compulsion of some men to take, train, dote upon and adore the birds of prey has been recorded. Something—the esthetics or symbolism of a hawk in flight, the alternating waves of affection and frustration that wash a falconer as he tries to man his bird, the experience of flying a hawk free and then calling him back from the sky to the fist—something has caused falconry to endure. The addictive hold of hawks and hawkings on the susceptible is as strong now as ever. You never meet a man who has had and manned just one hawk and then sworn off falconry.

I have been well hooked by hawks for 10 years. It is not that the pleasures of falconry are so intense. Rather, it is that once having had a hawk, the misery of being without one is unbearable. (This is perhaps the difference between an addiction and an appetite.) This year I have Tor, a big, strong-flying, fair-hunting redtail. Last winter it was a Cooper's hawk. Before that other redtails, a peregrine, kestrels, a harrier, a sharpshin and an assortment of owls, who in some respects were better hawks than the hawks.

Tor was taken in mid-October at a bow-netting blind on one of the middle Appalachian ridges. He was a good bird to trap. He has been a good bird to fly—not a marvel, not the very best, but good enough to give the challenges and satisfactions that have drawn men to hawks for several thousand years.

Bow netting, or some like means of trapping wild birds of prey, has always been a necessary subsidiary of falconry. To take a hawk with a bow net, the trapper works from a blind, using a complex arrangement of lines to manipulate pigeons

which he uses to lure hawks into his nets. One harnessed pigeon, the lure bird, is swung high around the top of a pole. If in God's good time a hawk is attracted, the lure bird is dropped into a concealed box. The trapper commences to work a second pigeon which is staked within the circumference of a net lashed to a bow-shaped frame. If the hawk comes to the bait pigeon, the trapper pulls a trigger that releases a spring on the bow net. The net flips over the hawk, pinning it to the ground beneath the mesh.

In the East we bow-net in the fall, from mid-September until Thanksgiving, when the birds of prey are migrating. On good days hawks are concentrated over certain mountains because of the buoyant updrafts that are created by a northwest wind beating against the sharp ridges. The hawks ride these upwelling currents, gliding and soaring, as they move southward toward their winter hunting grounds. A few of us, a small sect, have built half a dozen bow-netting stations on the ridges. Each fall we take 30 or 40 hawks, releasing most of the birds as soon as they have been measured and fitted with a Fish & Wildlife Service leg band. Those of us who cannot face the winter without a hawk take one of the trapped birds for falconry.

The day we took Tor was a bow-netter's delight. The sky was clearing after two days of rain. A northwest wind, strong enough to put the hawks in the air and keep them there, blew steadily. The temperature was in the 40s, cold enough to hone a hawk's appetite for pigeons. Three of us, John, Eric and I, met at the ridgetop where we have a blind. We stayed 10 hours and saw a hundred hawks. A dozen accipiters, sharpshins and Cooper's, came by, three marsh

continued

by **BIL GILBERT**

DRAWING BY CLIFF CONNOR



hawks, two red-shoulders and, late in the afternoon, a peregrine falcon. In the main, though, it was a redtail day. Redtails are powerful, heavy-bodied hawks who handle high winds easily and migrate late in the season. A big female redtail has a wingspread of nearly five feet, exceeded in this part of the world only by the osprey and eagle. Of the hundred hawks, 38 came down to make at least one pass at our pigeons. For one fine moment a Cooper's and four redtails were all circling, diving, screaming in front of the blind. There were in fact too many birds to make a good banding record. Repeatedly hawks would pass at the bait but draw away at the last moment, spooked by other birds circling above. Eventually we trapped, banded and released five redtails.

A big female redtail was harassing our lure pigeon when we first saw Tor. He was half a mile away, flying across the ridge, when he saw the pigeons. He jumped, did a double take in the air, turned and came toward us. Three hundred yards away he wheeled into the wind and commenced a gliding dive, wings spread, held stiff. Because the female was still with us, we expected him to pull up, but he kept coming, struck the ground in front of the net and skidded in on the pigeon. John hit the trigger line and the net slapped down over the hawk.

There is a bad moment for a bow netter when a hawk is first taken. Having prayed that he will come in, you now wish that he had not, that he had spooked or that the net had hung. The hawk may be released in five minutes, none the worse for being trapped. Still it seems that, by reaching up with strings and monkey hands to pull down a hawk, you have befouled the sky. Most of us stand for a moment looking down at the hawk pinned under the mesh and think about what we have done.

Some birds are passive, shocked under the net, but Tor fought hard and was quick enough with his talons to draw blood from a carelessly exposed thumb. Spread on the grass, he measured 47 inches from wingtip to wingtip, 21½ inches from beak to tail, and weighed two pounds four ounces. He had been hatched the spring before. (The brick-red tail that gives these hawks their name does not come until their first spring molt. Tor's tail was still brown.) He was sexed by his size. Among the raptorial birds, the females are invariably larger. For redtails, anything with a wingspread of less than 50 inches is recorded as a male. He was a light bird, with a clear white breast, cream-colored lines over the eyes, many flecks of white in the brown plumage of the back and shoulders. He was handsome, and the other signs—the way he had come in under the first hawk, his fight against the net, his style—were right.

"A good bird," Eric said. "You going to take him?"

"Might as well," I said, as though Eric, not the hawk, had convinced me.

We held Tor's wings folded at his side, taped his talons together and dropped him headfirst into a toeless nylon stocking. The stocking holds a bird firmly but gently, he cannot beat his wings or thrash. (Guinevere not having

sheer hose, how did Lancelot keep a newly caught hawk?)

The classical birds of falconry are *Falconine* (peregrine, merlin, kestrel) and *Accipiter* (goshawk, Cooper's, and sharpshin). The *Falconine* are fast, acrobatic flyers who often take their prey in mid-air. The hunting dive of a peregrine has been clocked at 150 mph and is one of the magnificent sights of this world. *Accipiter*, with long rudderlike tails, are aerial ferrets, and can pursue their prey through the tightest cover with consummate agility. Redtails are of a third family, the *Buteo*, which some falconers contemptuously dismiss as buzzards. Redtails are hulky hawks with broad wings and tails. They are versatile rather than spectacular hunters. Redtails will hunt high, soaring tirelessly, or low, quartering a field, gliding just above the ground, or they can hover like a helicopter. A redtail will go into heavy cover after game, if need be on foot, bounding along, breaking through vines and brush. A redtail will take grasshoppers and mice but is strong enough to stop a pheasant, rabbit or woodchuck. A redtail cannot fly with the speed and elegance of a peregrine, or pursue as agilely as a goshawk, but he is a tenacious hunter. In his way, he is as exciting to watch at work as the traditional birds of falconry.

When I got Tor home I took him to the long shed, which, among other things, serves as a primary schoolroom for hinds, and dressed him as hawks have always been dressed—with jesses, a swivel and a leash. A jess is a soft strip of strong leather. One is tied to each leg, just above the foot, in a noose knot that will not open or draw shut. The free end of each jess is sewed to one ring of a brass swivel. A leash is clipped to the other swivel ring. Tor lay for a minute on the bench after the stocking was slit open, not knowing he was free. Holding the leash, I perched him on my gauntleted hand. He immediately lunged off my list, bated and hung head down against the leash. A hawk bates when he jumps off the list or perch in anger or alarm. A hawk bating is like a child in the grip of a blind temper tantrum. He knows nothing, cares for nothing but his own fury. Bate, bate, bate again is what a wild hawk does, and it seems to the falconer all he will ever do.

To stop a hawk from bating, a falconer shuts off the bird's vision. Hawks know the world almost exclusively by their wonderful eyes. A hawk that cannot see is passive, manageable. Most falconers use the hood, a leather cap drawn tightly over the head, to calm a new bird. I do not, since I am clumsy at working leather and have a shed that can be darkened to serve the same purpose as the hood. (There is nothing new in falconry; Japanese hawkers had perfected the dark-room scheme 1,300 years ago.)

I let Tor bate from my fist half a dozen times to stretch his cramped wings, and then turned off the light. I put him on a padded perch, and he sat in the dark quietly. I tied the leash around the perch and left him for the night. Occasionally during the next several days I went to the shed

to make sure that Tor had not tangled his jesses or leash. When the light went on he would bate furiously, thrash back to his perch and bate again. In the first days with a new bird it seems imbecile even to consider teaching anything to such an intractable, intractable creature. On the second evening, however, I was able to approach him closely enough to put my gloved hand against the back of his legs. Reflexively he stepped back onto the list. I picked him up and he sat for a moment before hating. I put him back on my glove. He bated. We kept at it for 15 minutes and during the last five he sat more than he bated. A hawk's progress is measured by such small changes in behavior. Because a wild hawk has such a vile temper in the beginning, any improvement, like a civil word from a misanthrope, seems remarkable.

Romantic trappings aside, manning a hawk is (always has been) a simple thing. The hawk must be trained to come to the man on command. Once he will do this, he can be flown and hunted free. To accomplish this, to make a hawk a falcon, two lessons are persistently repeated. The man handles the hawk, carrying him on his fist, until the bird is conditioned to regard the man as a familiar, safe place. Secondly, the man holds food in his hand and offers it to the hawk. At each offering a simple command, a whistle or call, is given. The process is repeated until man-command-food are inextricably associated in the bird's consciousness. Intelligence, affection, punishment are of no help in manning a hawk. Being unreasonable, a hawk is immune to reason. A hawk has no need or desire for the good opinion of other species. A hawk has no experience with punishment; he can be beaten to a pulp without changing his ways. A man has only one lever with which to move a hawk. He must bargain persistently, grudgingly, over the one thing the bird needs from him—food.

Tor sat two days in the dark shed without eating. On the face of it, since I had the food, the advantage appeared to be all mine. However, he had a lever, too. A big hawk in the wild may go a week without eating, but a hawkier is never certain how long he can safely let a new bird go hungry. I was getting to Tor by sharpening his appetite, but he, by sitting without eating, had been getting at me. How long could he be allowed not to eat? On the morning of the third day I went to Tor with a nice rat trapped the night before. I held out the rat and gave a shrill, toneless whistle which is my "come hither" command. Tor was impassive. For all his reaction I could have held a rock rather than a rat. I left him again in the dark.

A man must be able to talk to any beast he intends to train (anthropomorphism be damned). He must know at least enough to ask understandable questions and understand the answers. Hawks are independent, introverted, unintelligent creatures, but they can make limited, primitive sign talk. To understand hawks, learn the language of the wings, the eyes, the talons, the set of the head and

plumage. At noon Tor had something to say. He peered at the rat surreptitiously. He shifted his talons on the perch. Twice he opened and shut his beak, like a man hcking his lips. Translations: "Yes, a rat. Rats are edible. A rat would go nicely, but my custom is to eat rat in a field rather than on a glove. Is a rat on a glove a rat? I must consider."

I went back in the afternoon to tease Tor with the flat whistle and dead rat. He began to weave his head in a reptilian manner, watching the rat. He leaned forward, almost losing his balance, trying to reach the rat without leaving his perch. "The matter of the rat. It is certainly a rat, but such a place to eat! But then, one place is much like another when you're hungry. A rat is a rat is a rat. To hell with it."

Suddenly, wonderfully, Tor jumped onto my glove, dismembered and devoured the rat. This is a good moment in falconry, when the hawk comes to the hand for the first time. The man is like a teacher who has taught a backward child to read. The door to so much else has been opened. Now I had a language—glove, whistle and food—which Tor could understand. We worked a few more days in the shed. I fed him an ounce of meat at a time. The distance he had to jump and fly was increased with each feeding. When he learned to come unhesitatingly the length of the shed, Tor was moved outdoors. After a week in the dark, isolated shed, everything Tor saw from the outside perch was new and strange—the house, the garden, children, dogs, donkeys, cars in the drive. Even the perch, though it was identical to the one inside, had a different feel under his talons. He reacted predictably by hating. The question was whether the seed of habit that had been planted in him—the association of food with me, the glove and the whistle—would stay rooted through his squall of rage. Sometimes a great change or fright will undo all the early work. A sort of Gresham's law applies in working with wild things—it is easier to lose their confidence than gain it. Tor, however, proved relatively adaptable. Between two bates I offered him a bit of meat. He took it casually, reflexively, not obeying me but obeying habit.

Once outside, we commenced the second of Tor's conditioning exercises: learning to sit easily on my fist as I walked. Walking a hawk is a companionable part of falconry. Man and bird are not pressing each other, haggling about food, and there is a chance for quiet, mutual observation and discourse. To carry a hawk, the arm is bent, fist held upright so that the bird can perch on the knuckles. The bird is held close to the face and chest, to protect him from brush and wind and simply so that he will grow accustomed to being close. We walked for an hour or so each day, back and forth in a sheltered belt of white pines above the house. Tor bated less frequently, and when he did it was a reasonable sort of bating, because a branch whipped us or the wind ruffled his feathers the wrong way.

When he settled down in his new perch, Tor was put on the creance and his flight training continued. The creance is a strong, light line, tied through the swivel, by which

continued

the hawk is controlled and restrained while being trained. Flight by flight the creance is payed out from a coil or reel. Each trip, the hawk is forced to fly further for his bit of food. During his week in the shed Tor had come along faster than most birds, but once outside on the creance he performed, hawkwise, as a genius. As a rule, a redtail must be flown for 10 days or two weeks on the creance, until he comes immediately 50 yards or so on command. Astonishingly, Tor flew this full distance on his third try. On successive days he was flown with the children and dogs about. He was called across the creek, over open fields, through the pines and down from treetops. I called him with my back turned and the meat hidden. I hid behind brush and trees and then whistled him in to me. If a hawk has never flown over a dog or had to hunt for the whistle, he may not do so when it counts, when there is no creance to jerk him short if he flies the wrong way.

I had never before flown a hawk free with less than three weeks of training. Tor, however, two weeks from the day he was trapped, was working so well as to set me damning myself as a coward for making him continue to fly with the creance dragging behind. We were in the pine woods, and quickly, so as not to have time to hack off from my own dare, I unknapped the creance and threw Tor into the air. He flew to the crown of a pine, 50 feet away, 20 feet above me. He sat there as free as he had been two weeks before, nothing tying him to me but the strands of habit. A hawkier throwing out his hawk for the first time worries like a mother whose only child leaves home. Is he ready? He has so little experience: is it too soon?

I whistled to Tor. He switched his tail once and dived out of the tree. For grace and skill, a big redtail coming through the woods does not give anything to a peregrine or a goshawk. Tor, four feet from tip to tip, scarcely moved his wings, held them stiff as he banked and twisted through the pines like a sailplane. He came in low, skimming the ground, and at the last moment rose and dropped on my fist as lightly as a falling leaf. The experience of having a free hawk come back to the hand for the first time does not lend itself easily to analogy. I quote a friend, who, except that he trains hawks, is no more than ordinarily eccentric: "I'm always glad I lived to see it again."

By way of final examinations, Tor was flown free against half-grown domestic rabbits. He took this tame game swiftly and efficiently. Occasionally every hawkier is challenged, "How can you feed those little rabbits to a hawk?" Except for a rare vegetarian, these challengers are cow, lamb, piglet, bunny and squash eaters. If "predators" are villains, then the whole scheme by which life sustains life is villainous.

Tor was ready to hunt, to become, so to speak, a formal falcon, by the second week in November, but we could not get out. The weather was wrong. A hawk should not

be hunted in rain because the flying is bad. In high winds the flying is too good: a gust may catch him and carry him out of sight and sound. Then, too, hunting season was in. Redtails are protected, but it is a rare hunter who knows a hawk from a handsaw, or if he does can resist pumping away at a "varmint." Things weren't right until after Thanksgiving. Then the city gunners went home. The weather improved. Tor was in yarak.

Yarak is the state of being ready. A hawk in yarak has a keen appetite, quick eye, is alert, sits straight on the fist, is in good plumage. But more, a hawk in yarak is all hawk, self-possessed, ready, poised to use all his skills and powers. Yarak is such a rich, complex word it is a wonder that, like so many lesser terms of falconry, it has not come into general use. Perhaps it has not because men are so rarely met in yarak.

The short-winged hawks, *Buteo* like Tor and the acci-



A young redtail hawk is thrown free on a training flight, tied to his owner's fist by the strands of habit.

piers, are hunted from the hand. When game is flushed, the bird is thrown off the fist toward the prey. The man follows until he either picks up his hawk with its kill or recalls him for another try. Tor and I worked through a series of abandoned, bramble-grown mountainside pastures. In the first 10 minutes we kicked up a cock pheasant, but I did not see the bird in time and held Tor back until it was too late. Then, as though in retribution for my blunder, we walked an hour without luck. Finally in the upper field we found a rabbit. Tor was tossed off the fist in good order. The rabbit ran toward the ruin of a vine-hung stone fence and beat Tor to this cover. The rabbit turned and ran downhill, hugging the wall. Tor stayed with him, swinging from side to side over the fence, trying for a clear shot through the vines. After 20 yards they came to a gap in the wall where there had once been a gate. The rabbit tried to bolt across the opening. Tor pounced and I saw a momen-

tary confusion of wings on the ground. When I came up, Tor was sitting, wings spread protectively over his kill. I let him gorge himself by way of reward. It was a satisfying afternoon for both of us. Tor was full of rabbit and I was full of Tor.

Tor is still with us. Now I seldom carry him on the fist once we are away from poultry yards and other dangerous spots. In the woods I throw him up and walk on. Like a dog, Tor follows from tree to tree, occasionally going far up, wheeling in the sky, but always, so far, coming back at the whistle. Someday he may not. Some inner stirring, some stimulus may make him ignore the whistle and he will keep going. If he stays the winter, he will be sent off in the spring with my best wishes to make his northward migration. When he goes, I, like any well-adjusted falconer, will commence counting the days until September, when there will be hawks over the ridges again. S. M. P.



INTERESTING PEOPLE

"SMILING WIZARD OF THE CUP DEFENSE"—September 10, 1962—Bus Mosbacher, a businessman, father, suburban householder and expert sailor, has a big grin behind which lie the smug and experience familiar to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers. He used both as their utmost advantage when, as skipper of *Invincible*, he well and successfully defended the America Cup against the strong challenge of the Australians.



"HAPPY BLEND OF SPORT AND CASH"—MAY 14, 1962—Mrs. Charles Sherman Payson has paid this mixture for a lifetime of fun, family, philanthropy and friends. The SPORTS ILLUSTRATED story of this gregarious and generous grandmother whose life and family have been such a vital part of the American scene for more than three generations was prompted by her advent as the happy angel of the New York Mets.



"A MODEST ALL-AMERICA WHO SITS ON THE HIGHEST BENCH"—December 10, 1962—Justice Byron R. White, one of the greatest orators and pro athletes of the '30's, became a Rhodes scholar, lawyer—and his news again in 1962 when President Kennedy appointed him to the Supreme Court. Then he stepped into the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED as a member of the Silver Anniversary All-America team.



Interesting people march across the pages of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Many, of course, are star performers—champions. But even more importantly, *all* of them form a fascinating parade of vivid personalities from every walk of life—businessmen and statesmen, students and socialites—whose common denominator is their active and enthusiastic interest in the world of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Each week 1,000,000 families who share the same outlook are drawn to the magazine as readers. They, too, are active, alert, interesting and interested people.

**Sports
Illustrated**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. There was a week of no change. Unsurmountable Boston lengthened its lead in the Eastern Division by winning four and losing only one, a 128-124 battle, with the triple-double of Celtics' Sam Jones. In last place, lost three, two to the Celtics. Sacramento lost three but still kept a half-point lead over the Hawks for second place. Chicago, not turning money in first place in the Western Division, won all four games in length to lead to eight games over St. Louis. The Chicago Bulls lost an unexpected loss in first place, with three losses and an unexpected win over Syracuse. The Hawks held steady by losing, then dropped two games to Boston after making it one straight with an early win over the Nationals. Detroit held on to third place after a bitter division with Los Angeles San Francisco, in which the Pistons lost a double but won their first game 115-107, lost the second 135-114. They bowed for the seventh time to the Lakers.

BOBBING—EUGENIO MONTI, Italy's mid-weight diver, won his eighth world bobbed title at high, Australia over the Italian 1,300-meter course, which he had for the 1964 Olympics. Monti and his Brazilian, Sergio Serrano, set an aggregate time of 4:27.04 for four heats to win the Italian title. Italy's No. 2, third placed, and the U.S. No. 1, four, on a borrowed bid, placed sixth. The other U.S. team had crashed during a previous race and was out of competition.

BOWLING—DICK WEBER, slender sharpshooter from St. Louis, defended his title as bowling champion, earned \$15,000 for 91 games in the 10-day event in Kansas City, defeating his AB for 90 AB-Stat tournament in \$43,735. Second was 250-pound Bill Wels, 1959 champion, while four-time winner Don Lester came in third.

BOXING—SDNNY LISTON won the first round in defense of his heavyweight title against Floyd Patterson when his major demands were met by Championship Sports, Inc., which in the 10-day event in Kansas City, defeated his AB for 90 AB-Stat tournament in \$43,735. Second was 250-pound Bill Wels, 1959 champion, while four-time winner Don Lester came in third.

Proposals of a BILL TO BAN BOXING will hold a public hearing in Albany in February. Four bills from the death of Kid Fure, suggested consequences between the underworld and the sport and its "unfortunate effects on the TV public."

MANHATTAN—JACK DEMISTY in California claimed boxing needs a cure because the "gangster element has left the sport in a deplorable condition," suggests the Federal Government take over.

FOOTBALL—The United American Football League took a record \$10 million in losses against the NFL to the U.S. Civil Court of Appeals, claiming that the failure of the new league depended on winning the game.

GOLF—JACKIE BURKE won the Luck International at Denby by three strokes over Don January in the second and final round of the 1964 tournament in San Francisco. The drama was really over on Friday when bad putting and painful burns caused to eliminate U.S. Open Champion Jack Nicklaus after the second round, breaking his money-winning streak of 28 consecutive tournaments.

BRUCE COFFIN, 43, former vice-president of CBS, won the first hole in a sudden-death playoff, took a four-stroke over and over and 1964 champion Jack Belfrage, a retired major league baseball player, to win the 29th annual American Senior Golf Association championship at Redwood, Fla.

HARNESS RACING—GREAT LULUWATER, a year-old American-bred almost-forgotten winner, faced all of Europe's finest in Europe's richest event, the \$10,000 Prix d'Antwerp, in Paris. Gino, a 3-year-old French mare, won the long 1 1/4 mile race. Great Luluwate was dead loss.

HOCKEY—Chicago is still the NHL leader, with Toronto and Montreal tied for second. Detroit, New York and Montreal are still in the bottom of the pile. Red Kelly, the Maple Leafs' M.F., scored his first goal in his first game against Boston to boost Toronto into the race for second after the Leafs had given the Canadiens a 1-0 loss that dropped them three points behind the Black Hawks. Ron Beland, Canadian master, got his second 20th goal in a 4-1 loss to the Rangers, and scored top scorer, Bobby Orr, scored his first in the Hawks, sliding into the goalpost to score in a 2-goal win with Detroit. Rushing injuries will bench Orr for an indefinite period.

HORSE RACING—Senior Jim Farnsworth won his sixth stakes of the Florida season when Opden Phoebe, HITTING AWAY (\$536), never headed, won the \$12,500 Royal Palm Handicap at Hialeah in unrivaled style.

CRIMSON SATAN (\$140), a champion at 2, outthrew and outperformed at 3, a speedy but still slightly 6-year-old, shed all the game, got off

to a slow start but won by over five lengths in the \$125,000 inaugural Charles H. Strub stakes at Santa Anita.

MOTOR SPORTS—ERIK CARLSON, a gone 16, 4th engineer for Sweden's SAAB auto firm, surprised himself over their 441cc prototype drove 260 miles through heavy rain and before the racing temperatures to win the 12nd Monte Carlo Rally for the second time, but was outdone by a non-winning fellow Swede four years later.

RELUC McLaren made it two straight, winning the 7-mile Tenthredin International Trophy at International, New Zealand, broke the race record by nearly four minutes in his 2.7 Cooper Climax.

TRACK & FIELD—The GLASS POLY, now officially accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, has been the world indoor record maker since 1962. He took the 100-meter race in 10.1 seconds in December with 10.1 seconds. Last week in Poland, Peter Nakhod did 16.1 seconds. In Tokyo, Dave Earl, who held the outdoor record lately in 16.1 seconds, easily cleared 16.1 seconds and then offered a flag-throwing incident in his home state of West Virginia. Ten-year-old hours later in Portland, Ore., C. K. Yang, an Olympic medalist, won the 100-meter race for the same 14 feet 1 1/2 inches, cleared 16.1 seconds. In the 100-meter race, to prevent further officials with a new head-ache, restricting the clubhouse scoring table. In Rome, John Belfrage, owner of the 100-meter club, while Dave Earl, whose world records don't seem to last long, dropped out at 12 feet 5 inches.

WRESTLING—AWARDED, MAURY WILLS, Los Angeles' base-making shortstop, the diamond-studded diamond ball in professional circles of the year and, in addition, a more respectable \$10,000. PATTY BERG, winner of 82 golf tournaments, the 1965 Open. Trophy for distinguished sportsmanship. NAMED, MICKY MANTLE, in the outstanding athlete of the year in America, by the Philadelphia Sports Writers Association.

DIED—RICHARD SWANWICK, 68, Princeton coach who spent 40 years in the game, died after a long illness and after his team had won 115-7 records. As a starting pitcher in 1940, he won 115-7 records. He taught the Kentucky how to win. His command on their process. The Kentucky won his biggest victory, a 1940 victory, he won the biggest victory. Jack was a married man, he won the biggest victory. If you told him not to do something Jack wouldn't do it. Robert's last words were, "I wish you were instructing a group you always had to catch Bobby down first."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

37—David Clinton, 25—Nashville, 40—Moses, Penn Agency, 41—Nashville, 42—Joe Schutte, 43—Joe Schutte, 44—Joe Schutte, 45—Joe Schutte, 46—Joe Schutte, 47—Joe Schutte, 48—Joe Schutte, 49—Joe Schutte, 50—Joe Schutte, 51—Joe Schutte, 52—Joe Schutte, 53—Joe Schutte, 54—Joe Schutte, 55—Joe Schutte, 56—Joe Schutte, 57—Joe Schutte, 58—Joe Schutte, 59—Joe Schutte, 60—Joe Schutte, 61—Joe Schutte, 62—Joe Schutte, 63—Joe Schutte, 64—Joe Schutte, 65—Joe Schutte, 66—Joe Schutte, 67—Joe Schutte, 68—Joe Schutte, 69—Joe Schutte, 70—Joe Schutte, 71—Joe Schutte, 72—Joe Schutte, 73—Joe Schutte, 74—Joe Schutte, 75—Joe Schutte, 76—Joe Schutte, 77—Joe Schutte, 78—Joe Schutte, 79—Joe Schutte, 80—Joe Schutte, 81—Joe Schutte, 82—Joe Schutte, 83—Joe Schutte, 84—Joe Schutte, 85—Joe Schutte, 86—Joe Schutte, 87—Joe Schutte, 88—Joe Schutte, 89—Joe Schutte, 90—Joe Schutte, 91—Joe Schutte, 92—Joe Schutte, 93—Joe Schutte, 94—Joe Schutte, 95—Joe Schutte, 96—Joe Schutte, 97—Joe Schutte, 98—Joe Schutte, 99—Joe Schutte, 100—Joe Schutte.

FACES IN THE CROWD



MRS. S. L. MERCER, of West Palm Beach, who caught and released two snailfish totaling 75 pounds in the first hours of the West Palm Beach Snailfish Tournament, happily saw her early success turn out to be good enough to take the ladies' title in the three-day championship.



LYNTOX (Gentry) BOGESS, 39, who recovered the Bill Klein award as the National League's outstanding umpire, announced his retirement, then observed, "It's the greatest relief in the world. Now I can take my glass and put them on and see what's going on in the world."



MICKEY ALLEN, 14, of Lawrence, Kan., the grandson of famed Kansas basketball coach Phog Allen (171 wins, 233 losses), outscored the entire opposition all by himself when his 24 points led his West Junior High team to a victory over Atchison Junior High 41-22.



LARRY BEARS of San Francisco, ranked 14th nationally in squash, successfully defended the Pacific Coast Club. A squash talk that he won for the first time last year. Bears defeated Tom Owens in the 1964 final, keeping his title without losing a single game.



LYNN YONEMURA, a 19th, statuesque 14-year-old from Berkeley, Calif., won the Pacific Coast Junior Ladies Figure Skating Championship, with the precision of an artist, moving from the same intense concentration and discipline that has made her a figure skater.



JIM LINDSAY, 18, graduate of St. Thomas (Maine) College, braved one of his sport's most oppressive attacks in a 15-0 loss to Missoula's 92th brouhaha. Shot in 92 minutes, he made 71 saves. Lindsays' last words, "I felt like I was standing in front of a Goliath."

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

About the only thing that would surprise Philadelphia's basketball followers these days would be to see a favorite win. But last Saturday not even the most blasé among the 9,238 who shrugged off a bit and trolley strike and a snowstorm to join the Palestra would have given a used transfer for Villanova's chances when the Wildcats trailed Penn by 10 points midway in the second half. Then Villanova's Jack Kraft moved his team out of a shifting zone and into a tight man-to-man. Almost immediately Villanova began to catch up. Finally, with three seconds to go, Wally Jones sank two free throws to give the Wildcats a 63-62 victory.

Earlier, St. Joseph's was doing fine just as long as Rhode Island stuck to its running game. The Hawks easily built up a 17-point lead. But when Rhode Island switched to a more deliberate attack, St. Joe's was in trouble. With 1:30 left, Rhode was only four points behind. At this point, clever Jimmy Lynam stalled with some of his fancy ball handling, then sank some free throws and St. Joe's pulled it out 79-70.

Like everybody else, Boston College concentrated on stopping Seton Hall's Nick Werkman. Gerry Ward, with help from his converging teammates, held Werkman to 11 points, but the strategy left too much shooting room outside. Randy Chave, Rashe Dec and Sorny Sunket made the most of it as Seton Hall won 61-53.

Cornell beat Seton Hall 88-78 and Connecticut 74-65, but then barely made it past Massachusetts 54-52 on Bill O'Connor's foul shooting (15 for 13). St. Bonaventure, even with sophomore Mike Rooney back in the lineup, couldn't match Detroit's rebounding and lost to the Titans 78-73. Meanwhile, unbeaten Niagara was still winning. The Eagles overpowered Wakeforester 82-65.

Pitt, surprised by Bob Cross 77-65, came back to beat Dartmouth 70-53 while Princeton bounced Seton Hall 101-74. The top three:

1. ST. JOSEPH'S (19-3)
2. NYU (18-2)
3. NICHOLLA (17-3)

THE SOUTH

"Utterly fantastic," murmured Duke's Vic Bubas. He was talking, as usual, about Art Heyman's passing and shooting but he could easily have been referring to his entire Duke team after it ran over West Virginia 111-71. Heyman and the other Blue Devils were never tougher. They shot a hot 61 6/2, beat the jittery Mountaineers at their own running game and stopped the visitors' shooters

cold with a neat 1-4-3 zone that swarmed over poor Rod Thorn, who got only 11 points. Heyman scored 28 points and pussed off for almost as many more while Jeff Mullins added 27 to the rout. Said West Virginia's George King: "I don't care if I never see them again."

The Southeastern Conference race stays as tough as ever. Georgia Tech got right back into a first-place tie with Mississippi State by beating Auburn 69-64 and Tennessee 73-69. But just when Mississippi State was feeling best, independent Memphis State caught them. The Tigers, defending tenaciously with a tight zone and shooting very well, ended State 71-65. Kentucky fared better, beating Xavier 90-76.

Tearing Houston tried a Florida vacation, but had a grim stay. Miami edged the Cougars 71-70 on Kenny Allen's foul shot with seven seconds to play and then Florida State outscored them 79-69, the top three:

1. DUKE (23-2)
2. GEORGIA TECH (19-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (17-3)

THE MIDWEST

It was a profitable week for Cincinnati. The Bearcats turned back Illinois 62-53 (see page 16) in a big doubleheader at Chicago and without doing anything themselves virtually got rid of two more Missouri Valley challengers. Wichita, upset by North Texas State 69-67, and Bradley, beaten by St. Louis 71-63, each lost their third conference game. But Cincinnati isn't quite a shoo-in yet. St. Louis hopes to give the Bearcats a struggle when they meet in Cincinnati Saturday. St. Louis Coach John Benington was grateful for one thing: "Thank goodness Cincy took care of Illinois," he said. "I'd hate to have to play them after they lost one."

There didn't seem to be anyone in the Big Ten ready to challenge Illinois. Indiana was hardly overpowering at a 76-75 win over DePaul, achieved in the final seconds on sophomore Steve Rodenbaugh's lay-up. Minnesota lost to Michigan State 61-59 after the Spartans bowed to suddenly aroused Iowa 60-59. Wisconsin found a soft touch in St. John's and won 85-52. There was some hope, however, for Ohio State. The Bucks' Gary Braddis matched Creighton's Paul Silas, the nation's leading rebounder, with 19 and outscored him 25 to 19 as Ohio State won 78-73.

Colorado was idle but its Big Eight neighbors were jockeying for position. Oklahoma State's Hank Iba inhibited Oklahoma's fast break by having his men box in the Sooners' defensive rebounder, and State won 81-67. But then Kansas State used a 1-3-1 zone

against the Cowboys and beat them 57-55. Ohio U. worried Loyola with a full-court press of its own, but finally knuckled under to the Ramblers 80-72, and the Loyola team went on to win the other game of that Chicago doubleheader 92-72 over Santa Clara. Notre Dame outmuscled Purdue off the boards, winning 98-66. The top three:

1. CINCINNATI (19-3)
2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (18-2)
3. ILLINOIS (17-3)

THE SOUTHWEST

Most Southwest Conference teams were still busy with exams, but of the four that ventured out to play, three wished they hadn't. Texas Tech got a lesson in basketball skills from UCLA's talented Walt Hazzard. One night he dazzled the Redsters with his deft passes, mostly to Jack Hirsch, who scored 25 points—as UCLA won 83-63. The next night Hazzard showed he can shoot, scoring 32 points as the Bruins won 103-80.

Oklahoma City, with 3-foot transfer Eddie Jackson eligible for the first time and swooping in on rebounds like a huge hawk, beat Baylor 78-55. Two nights later Bud Kniper, a 6-foot-5 sharpshooter, scored 41 points for Oklahoma City on twisting drives and long, floating jump shots as SMU fell 94-90 in overtime. Only Rice, an easy 104-75 winner over Trinity, survived the black week. The top three:

1. ARIZONA STATE (19-2)
2. TEXAS A&M (19-3)
3. TEXAS (18-2)

THE WEST

There was enough deep strategy in the West, some of it hopeless, to last an entire season. USC matched ball-control games with two West Coast AC teams and came away with two dull wins, over Loyola 66-45 and San Francisco 60-51. Up north, Washington planned to beat Oregon with its tall frontliners and did, 63-52. Against Oregon State, however, the Huskies were too busy watching 7-foot Mel Counts pluck 19 rebounds and score 27 points to do much scoring of their own as the Beavers took the game 65-48.

Loyola tried its deliberate game against fast-moving Seattle and all it earned was a 64-45 defeat. Montana State's plan was to run with Idaho. But the Gonzales couldn't shoot with the Vandals, and they lost 78-69.

Utah sagged its defenses all over Colorado State's Bill Green. But when Dave Sigfoss and Dennis Anderson began to beat him on the outside, Utah had to go out after them. This left Green free to squirm his way to 25 points and the Utes succumbed 72-54. Brigham Young was tougher for Utah State. Despite Wayne Estes' 25 points, the Cougars were only a point away from the Aggies with 11 seconds to play. But Gary Batchelor missed a one-and-one foul try and Utah State came out ahead 70-67. The top three:

1. STANFORD (20-2)
2. OREGON STATE (19-4)
3. UTAH STATE (19-3)

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SHIGA LOVERS

Sirs:
Seldom it is that I take pen in hand to write an opinion on an article. Lee Griggs's article, *Bonnie Charge to the Top of Old Shiga* (Jan. 21), is a masterfully written piece of satire. Rarely is such a wittily conceived story presented to the public. It is my hope that more such articles will be forthcoming.

PAUL LARSON JR.

Elgin, Ill.

Sirs:
Your article on Shiga Heights brought back many wonderful memories to this Southerner who fell in love with skiing while he was stationed in Japan. Your description of the train ride to Shiga is all too painfully true. However, your description of the slopes of Shiga as foggy and dangerous does a great disservice to one of the most beautiful spots in the world, and saddens the hearts of Shiga lovers the world over!

JOE FAIRCHILD

Franklin, La.

NO PAINES

Sirs:
In your January 21 SCORECARD chess players are chastised for being "perhaps the greatest crowd displeasers in modern sport." Not being a serious chess player, I have no personal axe to grind, but could we not simply accept the fact that chess players gain satisfaction from solitude and have a capacity for deep concentration and, for the most part, do not care to stretch their personalities around at a television program director's command? Are we to assume that all types of sports activities must be characterized by the common mold of theatrical standards?

GEORGE R. HUSMAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:
As a chess player I would like to express my thanks for your coverage of the U.S. Championship in New York. However, your comment that chess players are traditionally "aloof and temperamental" is one most commonly expressed by people who never met a chess player. I would agree that, like most concert pianists, chess masters are temperamental. But their aloofness is usually conspicuous by its absence. The fact that tournament play must be conducted in silence can obviously prove nothing regarding the taciturnity of the participants. It would be just as illogical to assume that

someone who is yelling at a football game is of an outgoing and loquacious nature. It just isn't necessarily so.

You also state that I am a "newcomer" and that I was playing in my first championship tourney. While it is true that this is the first time I have played in this particular national championship, I have participated in the U.S. Open chess championship numerous times. I am now 35, the third oldest contestant in the recent tourney, and cannot be considered a newcomer to the national chess scene. At the age of 16 I tied for third in the U.S. Open, a national championship of 19 years ago.

As you may now correctly assume, I may be brooding, but scarcely taciturn.

ROBERT H. STEINMEYER

New York City

horse with the stove was out of balance and he finally gave up some distance from the river crossing at the Huelsdonks' We had to unload and leave part of our supplies.

The next day Mr. Huelsdonk went back and picked up the stove with the flour inside and carried it the rest of the way. I know the stove weighed 110 pounds and, by my recollection, there were 100 pounds of flour, not 50. But whichever it was it was an awkward, tough load. At that time he was past his prime and suffering from asthma but he was still stronger than two ordinary men.

The Huelsdonks were a grand family, living in grand country in a time that has gone—unfortunately, in my opinion.

W. P. BUDGETT

Bradford, Vt.



WRONGED OUT

Sirs:

After reading in the 19TH HOLE (Jan. 21) about the Iron Man of the Hoh, John Huelsdonk, I couldn't help digging out the enclosed snapshot showing John Huelsdonk and the caired stove in question loaded on a packhorse (see above).

In June of 1920 I was with a surveying crew of the U.S. General Land Office setting out from Forks (Wash.) to lay out township lines in the Hoh River district. Our packtrain was in poor condition, having just been shipped up from a hard winter's work in New Mexico, and several of the horses were suffering from glanders. The horses were overloaded for their condition and that of the trail, which was very bad in places. Two horses fell off the trail and would have drowned had they not caught in trees at the edge of the river. The poor

MARCHING ORDER

Sirs:

Now that you have bestowed the title *Jack's Janissaries* on the followers of Jack Nicklaus (*Jack's Janissaries Join Arnie's Army*, Jan. 21), I presume it will only be a matter of time before we are informed that "the brainiest man in golf," Phil Rodgers (Jan. 14), is accompanied by a *Brash Band*.

RONALD RAGSDALE

Madison, Wis.

● We prefer to think of them as Rodgers' Rangers.—ED.

Sirs:

What about Gary's Garrison? I think that Player will be a contender in 1963's \$2 million gambol, yet you failed to mention him.

RALPH BOEHM

Rye, N. Y.

continued

Sirs,

Some of us here in Athens (Ga.), greatly concerned about the plight that has befallen professional golf, humbly offer a solution to the current situation:

1) If, at the beginning of the fourth round of any 72-hole tournament on the professional circuit, Arnold Palmer is four strokes behind the leader, the leader shall have the option of removing three clubs from Arnie's bag. If he is three strokes behind, the leader may remove six clubs, leaving him only eight. If Arnie is two strokes back, the leader may remove eight clubs, leaving him six. If Arnie is only a single stroke back, he must finish up with a beanie, a five-iron, and a putter.

2) If Arnold Palmer decides to pass up a tournament, as he did the recent tournament at San Diego, he must take with him, out of the said tournament, his business partner, namely, Gary Player. If one plays, both must play; if one drops out, both must drop out. It is not fair to us other pros for these two fellows to alternate winning the tournaments.

3) No pros (notably Palmer and Player) shall be permitted to coincide the introduction of their new TV programs with back-to-back wins on the pro circuit. If they do, it is to be referred to the Federal Trade Commission as unfair.

JAMES E. GATES

Athens, Ga.

PASTORALE

Sirs,

In your January 7 edition you expressed your views of the "bucolic" campus from which Sportsman of the Year Terry Baker emerged. We, the participating students of this letter, have just taken time out from fighting the Indians and working our trap lines to send you this letter written in mulberry juice on dried deerskin.

How long has it been since you have been to Corvallis? Gentlemen, it is not in the woods! For many years now we pioneers have been using those trees for our log cabins.

GARY CRITES

TOM HILTON

BRIAN TARRIFON

DAVE WHITE

TONY GALLAGHER

Portland, Ore.

● Webster defines *bucolic* as, among other things, "natural and without artful elaboration." This is bad?—ED.

UPS AND DOWNS

Sirs,

Thank you very much for your recent article, *Life in the Valley of Death* (Jan. 21). The Missouri Valley Conference is truly the toughest in the nation. Now how about

some more on the excellent University of Wichita basketball team, which is one of the toughest in the MVC?

JOHN GIBSON

Wichita, Kans.

Sirs:

So Coaches Dick Harp of Kansas and Tex Winter of Kansas State are skeptical of the scholastic standards of the Missouri Valley schools. Could it be they're bothered by the fact that Cincinnati has knocked the winner of their conference out of the NCAA regional the past four years? Or perhaps by the fact that they're being overshadowed at home by Wichita these days?

JOHN R. DUBBIN

Lawrence, Kans.

Sirs:

Rival coaches in general are very good sports, but there are always exceptions.

Please advise Dick Harp of Kansas and Tex Winter of Kansas State that the University of Cincinnati has excellent scholastic requirements, along with some marginal students, just like other mid-western colleges.

EDW. WEISSMAN, JR.

Cincinnati

Sirs:

Cheers for your article.

Boos for your statement, "The Valley plays a kind of fourth-rate football." You are including the No. 1 passing team in the nation in 1962, U. of Tulsa's Golden Hurricane, and the No. 2 pass receiver, Tulsa Star End John Simmons. These records were established against such teams as Alabama, Houston, Arkansas and Oklahoma State. This is fourth class?

MRS. PAT MINER

Tulsa

Sirs:

You described the Missouri Valley Conference as the best in the country. Way down your list of tough conferences was the Atlantic Coast Conference. Cincinnati and her sister teams had best be glad that the pride of the ACC, the Duke Classic, has been discontinued. If it hadn't been and Cincinnati had had enough nerve to come, you can bet she would have licked her wounds, put her tail between her legs and returned to the "tough" Valley Conference defeated. The ACC may not be a tough conference, but no team yet has been able to defeat Carolina, Duke, Wake Forest and State to win the Classic.

EARL JACKSON

Greenville, N.C.

Sirs,

What in the world is the matter with you people? Can't you give Seattle University credit for a darn thing? As of this date, Seattle U. has a 10 and 3 record and yet in your Jan. 14 issue you give Oregon State, with an

8 and 3 record, No. 1 spot in the Far West rankings.

Seattle beat Oregon State 60-58. You might also note that Seattle was the first team this season to hold Loyola of Chicago under 100 points.

MARIAM AND DAVID LAW

Alderwood Manor, Wash.

Sirs,

Whether you realize it or not, the University of Idaho has a very respectable record of 10-2 (best in the Northwest) for the young season (the two losses came without the services of our starting center in the Far West Classic).

Also that same University of Idaho has received honorable mention in the top ratings of the country for the past several weeks. The only time that you even mentioned our university in BASKETBALL WEEK or anything else, we lost. And then the only reason we got any mention was because we lost to Oregon State. I would certainly like to see a change here. The Oregon State team isn't that much better than Idaho.

DON G. FLEHARTY

Moscow, Idaho

Sirs,

Western New York is having one of its finest college basketball seasons. Yet SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's experts have given little credit to a fine (and unbeaten) Niagara University five, and have forgotten a Canisius College team that is one of its best in years. The Canisius Griffins are 8 and 1, with their only loss a four-point loss to fourth-ranked Arizona State.

BILL SCHWAB

Syracuse, N.Y.

CHEESE AND CRACKERS

Sirs:

Re your article on mouse racing at Doncaster (*The Rat for the Cheeses*, Jan. 28): I agree it's a unique cure for bookmaker boredom. However, I fail to see the need for intervention by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. How could racing mice possibly be considered cruel?

DAVID GRAVES

Port Washington, N.Y.

● Asked the same question, Bookie-Promoter Derek Webster answered: "I hate mice, really. They're fat, lazy and smelly. But I couldn't stand the risk of being brought to court and being charged with being cruel to them. There really was no cruelty involved since the rules prohibited tickling or poking the mice. The only way to get them moving was by shouting; and, even so, one mouse could—and did—go to sleep on the starting line while the other won by the complete distance."—ED.

Rich Triumph at a Ripe Age

Gar Wood always wanted to build and race the fastest powerboats in the world.

Finally, when nearing 40, he realized his ambition

by WILLIAM F. NOLAN

Thus all laughed when Garfield Arthur Wood challenged England for the Harmsworth Trophy in 1920. Wood was nearly 40, an age at which few sportsmen are found behind the wheel of an unlimited hydroplane. Besides, the English had held the international trophy (powerboating's top prize) since 1912 and were favored by everyone to keep it—perhaps forever.

Everyone but Gar Wood, who was unimpressed by his own years or the reputation of the English. He brought two boats of his own design—*Miss Detroit II* (for heavy seas) and *Miss America I* (a lighter craft, good only on smooth water)—to Osborne Bay, England, the site of the race. His practice runs in the slower boat over the choppy bay water made the British feel even more confident. But on race day the bay calmed down. Wood drove his *Miss America I* and won by more than a mile.

Town-born, in December of 1880, Wood spent much of his youth on the water. His father, "Cap'n Walt," ran a battered ferry over Lake Osakis, in Minnesota, and whenever young Gar could break away from his chores on their small backwoods farm he served as chief crewman. "We were a prolific clan," says Wood. "I had nine brothers and three sisters. We were all brought up on the Bible, and none of us ever smoked or drank. 'Goldarn' was the strongest cuss-word we ever used!"

Wood's ambition, from early childhood, was to build and race the fastest boats in the world—and he recalls gutting the family alarm clock to power a toy craft he'd designed. ("I got a licking, but the boat ran fine.")

In 1893, at 13, he became the official operator of a government launch in Duluth for the simple reason that no one else could keep the "new-fangled" internal combustion gasoline engine in running order. Wood entered and won his first motorboat race (at 32 mph) in 1911 on the Mississippi, and within two

years was racing a boat of his own make. A sudden influx of money turned his long-dreamed-of venture into reality.

Gar's leap from poverty to wealth began on land when he was working as an auto mechanic. "One afternoon," he says, "I watched a truck driver sweating and cursing as he hand-cranked his truck bed in order to dump a load of coal. I could see he needed power to do the job properly, so I got me an idea."

Wood's idea, on which he risked all of his \$200 savings, resulted in a hydraulic truck hoist which proved an instant and overwhelming success. Swamped with orders, Gar opened his own plant in Detroit in 1914, and eventually became the nation's largest manufacturer of truck equipment, later branching out to include road-building and automobile accessories. This flourishing business provided the capital he needed to build his own racing boats, and after the end of World War I he purchased several aircraft engines with the intention of converting them to marine use.

Ignoring warnings that "an aircraft engine will pound a boat to pieces," he installed a reworked 12-cylinder Curtiss in his *Miss Detroit III* and won the 1919 Gold Cup race. In 1921, a year after his international triumph in England, he built the *Gay Junior II*, and challenged the *Havana Special*, one of the country's fastest trains, to a race along the Atlantic seafloor from Miami to New York. Encouraged by cheering crowds along the route, Wood beat the train by several minutes. He ended the year with his first victorious defense of the Harmsworth Trophy with *Miss America II*.

Three years later the man they now called "The Water King" defeated the *Twentieth Century Limited* in a race down the Hudson. And in 1926 he again turned back all overseas opposition for the Harmsworth.

Accepting a fresh challenge in 1928, Wood set out to test-run his latest speedster, *Miss America VI*, on the Detroit River. His two mascots went with him on the run (a pair of helmeted and goggles-



WOOD AND HIS TEDDY BEARS (RIGHT) TAKE "MISS AMERICA X" OUT FOR A TRIAL RUN



Come south to ski

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gled toy Teddy bears he always carried for luck). At full throttle, slashing the waves at over 100 mph, the boat abruptly exploded and disintegrated, pitching out Wood and his racing companion, Orlin Johnson. Wood recalls: "I felt myself sinking down and I could see tanks, pieces of splintered planks whirling around me. I almost blacked out, but managed to claw my way to the surface and grab a gas tank. Orlin floated up unconscious, his jaw smashed."

Within 14 days, despite the fact that he had to fish the sunken engines from 90 feet of water, Gar designed and constructed a new racer, *Miss America VII*. Then, smothered in bandages (with Johnson beside him, his head in a cast), he beat his competition on the Detroit River and kept the Harmsworth Trophy.

A determined bid

A frustrated England became fiercely determined to win back the trophy—but Wood successfully defended it in 1929 and 1930 with even faster boats. In 1931 an all-out effort, sponsored by the British government and spearheaded by Lord Wakefield, sent the auto-racing veteran Kaye Don against Wood in the very fast *Miss England II*.

"We met him with two boats," says Wood. "My brother George handled *Miss America VIII* while I took over with *Miss America IX*. That was some race!"

The first of three heats had gone to Don, with Wood trailing close in his wake. In the second heat, knowing that every inch of water was an advantage, both pilots jumped the starter's signal and throttled toward the first turn, with Wood slightly ahead. In a wild bid for the lead, Don attempted to cut across Wood's wake to the inside at the turn. But the Englishman had misjudged.

"That six-ton hull of his just seemed to leap up, straight out of the water," says Wood. "Don was hurled clear before he sank, and he survived. They disqualified me for that jump start since we'd both exceeded our 'leeway' of five seconds. But my brother won with our other boat, so we still held the trophy."

By 1932, however, Wood realized that he could not hope to maintain the trophy for another season unless a super-fast craft could be developed. England was sending Don back with a giant speedboat reputed to house 6,000 hp. The U.S. newspapers were pessimistic. "Wood

stands alone against an Empire which has spent millions to defeat him. How long can such an unequal battle last?"

With characteristic zeal, Wood plunged into the construction of his most revolutionary boat. *Miss America X*, which would contain no less than five giant supercharged 12-cylinder aircraft engines with "pistons as large as paving blocks." Wood was determined to pack an estimated 6,500 hp into a 38-foot racing hull—and he developed a unique method of smoothly distributing this vast power by having each pair of side-mounted engines turning on a single shaft. Special gearboxes were built, and when Don arrived in the U.S., *Miss America X* was ready to meet him.

Wood was 51, silver-haired, his eyes furrowed with sun wrinkles, his skin wind-weathered, he was too old, the experts said, to handle 6,500 raging sea horses. Wood admitted that "at 100 mph the water is like a goldarn concrete slab," but he shrugged aside the dangers and climbed briskly behind the racing wheel. When the contest was over, England had once more bowed to the incredible American.

"In 1933 they tried me again," he says, "but *Miss America* got the job done then too. She was angrier fast!"

This had been proved when Wood set a fantastic water-speed record of 124.91 mph, a feat which prompted Kaye Don to remark: "No man has contributed as much to the development of watercraft. Gar Wood has made every mile of his speed count in the advancement of an industry."

Wood retired from racing shortly after the 1933 Harmsworth. Today, a robust 82, living comfortably at his \$2 million 122-acre estate on Fisher Island, south of Miami, Wood still refuses to slow down. He is "working harder now than [he] was in the '30s," and actively enjoys several hobbies: astronomy (he has built a private observatory in a Moorish tower of his Florida home), deep-sea fishing (with his son, Gar Jr., who also has raced speedboats), inventing (with an experimental automotive project in the works) and, of course, boating (the still pilots an 85-foot version of the wartime PT).

The Gar Wood philosophy is simple. "All any man needs," he says, "is five things—good health, a good job, a good wife, a good religion and at least one goldarn good hobby."

END



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